[illegible] Pub. Lib. AUG 22 1928

TEN CENTS A COPY

Movies for the Classes, by Terry Ramsaye, on page 54

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME V — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1928 — NUMBER 4

Books and Advertising

MR. STANLEY UNWIN has recently been debating in England through the columns of the *New Statesman* the question of publishers' advertising, and now in America the *Publishers' Weekly* has fired the first salvo in a discussion of the problem in the form of an article by Michael Sadleir. Mr. Sadleir is profoundly perturbed by the fact that competitive extravagance in advertising is threatening the stability of the publishing industry, and apparently convinced, along with an expert committee of the English booktrade, that, "short of an Act of God, only a unanimous self-denying ordinance can save . . . the trade as at present organized from sinking beneath its own publicity." He is troubled, we gather, by the superfluity of publishers rather than of books, and he would lessen the burden of giving publicity to the latter by eliminating some of the former. By removing from the field of publishing the amateur—that is, the mere lover of books and fortunate rich man who is in the position of being able to maintain a business that does not pay for itself—he would restrict competition and so conserve to the commercial publisher whatever profits there may be in his industry.

Now, the specific problems of advertising, the amount and incidence of advertising expenditure and the form and media of advertising, are matters entirely for the expert, but the general subject of publishers' advertising is one with which the public feels itself directly concerned and on which it deems itself entitled to entertain an opinion. And that opinion is likely to be that the root of the advertising evil lies not so much in the fact that there are too many publishers as that publishers publish too many books. "What do you read, my lord?" "Words, words, words." There are millions of words printed every year that the public could happily dispense with, that publishers are wasting their money on advertising, that authors are feeding neither art nor their pockets in writing. Every publisher is bound by his contracts and his good faith to put a certain amount of his advertising appropriations into heralding books that have no merits, which he knows have no merits, and which can never, no matter how scrupulously he apportions them a chance for publicity, pay their way. He takes them for a variety of reasons,—because he wants that particular type of book represented on his list, because it is the poor product of a good author, because it may hold the promise of future performance to secure which he is willing to make an investment, because out of a variety of books a best-seller *may* emerge, because his competitor is publishing a similar book and he wishes to be no less comprehensive in his list than his rival. Every publisher also is dissipating his strength in issuing a succession of books—mediocre fiction, mediocre travel, mediocre memoirs—that just manage to make their costs, but that add nothing to literature, little to knowledge, and scant enlivement to any but their authors. Each is bringing out a certain number of merely "pretty" books that live their brief day of advertising and then pass to the oblivion of the "remaindered." Each is printing a group of books, worthy enough, but hopelessly dull and merely duplication of others that have gone before. If all the money and energy that goes into the advertising of the poor, or the commonplace, or the trivial book were suddenly to be released the publisher would find himself in a far less parlous state than Mr. Sadleir proclaims him to be.

Until publishers' lists are curtailed publishing costs are bound to be conditioned by the unfit, and advertising to be a disproportionate strain on profits. It has yet to be proved that the public won't read more good books if it is given fewer poor ones. If advertising could concentrate its emphasis on fewer books, and sell as many books of the better type as it previously had of the poorer and better together, and publishing could profit by eliminating the cost of production of poor books, publishers and public alike would be the gainers. And literary editors would sing Te Deums.

Lyric to Bernice

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

I TOOK the color of the wind;
The secret journey of the rocks;
The mortal whiteness loosely pinned
Beneath the dark, immortal frocks
Worn by the maiden who is Night;
The suffering of hyacinths
Involved in soft affairs with light;
The desperate and cryptic hints
Of hidden dancing made by trees;
The sudden morbidness with which
Hills drop intently to their knees
At twilight and refuse the rich
Impenitence of flower-scents;
The active weariness of ponds
Beneath confusions and intents
Of light, when afternoon absconds—
I gathered them to one, tall child
And called him love and made him pray
Adroitly, where your palely wild,
Half-opaque selves relent and play.
Ah, too adroitly, for you turned
To simpler longings in your breast.
You did not know what you had spurned—
The fraud of subtlety undressed!

This Week

"The Development of British Biography."
Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*

"The Correspondence of King George the Third."
Reviewed by *Frederick Marcham.*

"Diversey."
Reviewed by *Robert B. Macdougall.*

"The King of Spain" and "Georgie May."
Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*

"Social Life in the Animal World."
Reviewed by *C. K. Ogden.*

August 6, 1928.
By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"The Noble Savage."
By *Chauncey B. Tinker.*

A Critic Militant

By CLARENCE D. THORPE

THE position of Henry Crabb Robinson in English literary history is as unique as it is secure. During his life he was comparatively unknown to the public, later generations have been tardy in recognizing his worth, there has so far been no book written about him. Yet he was one of the unquestioned literary influences of the past century, working beneath the surface, quietly and effectually, shaping the artistic and intellectual life of his day. Robinson has been called the Pepys of his generation, and his name has been often spoken along with that of Boswell. But he was neither a Pepys nor a Boswell. He was in most respects greater than either. For though his reminiscences and letters are lacking in the copious minutiæ of the "Johnson," and contain less of gossipy piquancy than the "Diary," there is in them that which these older works did not possess. Beside Robinson, Pepys and Boswell were merely recorders; Robinson was a *force* in literature: he was a critic, and, moreover, a critic militant, who, once he had recognized genius, was not content until he had in his own private, unspectacular way led others to recognize it with him.

It is largely as a critic that Robinson has never had his due. This was partly the fault of his own modesty, partly the fault of Walter Bagehot, who, upon the publication of Dr. Sadler's edition of sections of the Diary and Reminiscences in 1869, wrote a very chatty and entertaining, but wholly inadequate article upon Robinson. Bagehot talked about Robinson as he had known him, a quaint old man, with a strangely ugly face capable of varied and sudden contortions, with aberrations as to names, and an amusing but annoying habit of neglecting to make tea for the guests he had invited to breakfast, while, with persevering nonogenarian garrulity he wandered comfortably from anecdote to anecdote—of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland—or read endlessly from the poems of Wordsworth. To the students of University College, often invited, along with their elders, to these breakfasts, this was just "old Crabb," the "character" of the corporation, and as they listened they muttered to themselves, "And *this* is the man who was the friend of Goethe, and . . . of Wordsworth." It was Robinson the eccentric raconteur then that Bagehot presented, almost to the exclusion of the more substantial Robinson of rare gifts as observer and critic. Bagehot was too close to the image of the "old Crabb" of University College fame to see him fairly. A contemporary of Socrates might have been full as myopic.

No one can read Professor Edith Morley's admirable edition* of the Robinson-Wordsworth correspondence without seeing the weakness of Bagehot's position. It is true that Robinson seldom displays powers of detailed critical analysis. But if an extraordinary aptitude for detecting greatness in writers and a precious gift for characterizing a man and his work in brief, vivid summary are the marks of the critical faculty. Crabb Robinson should be classed as one of the first-rate critics of the century. Robinson seems to have possessed, beneath his unlikely exterior, some remarkable native affinity for genius. From the time he was a student in Germany, when he first met Herder, Schiller, and

*THE CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY CRABB ROBINSON WITH THE WORDSWORTH CIRCLE, 1808-1866. Edited by EDITH J. MORLEY. New York: Oxford University Press. 1927. 2 vols. $14.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Goethe, to his death, a period within which he came into contact with practically every important writer living, he found himself drawn to great men with a force beyond his capacity to resist—"to shun such a man as W. or neglect to seize every occasion of being in his company is beyond my power," he once confessed. He knew everybody and wrote to and about everybody. And everybody wrote to him—from the heart, simply, frankly, as if to one whose kinship they recognized and of whose understanding there was never a question.

When Robinson died in 1867 he left, as a record of his intimate contacts, one of the most remarkable accumulations of contemporary evidence on thought and literature ever known. Among his manuscripts, now preserved in Dr. Williams's Library, Gordon Square, London, are thirty-two volumes of correspondence, four huge volumes of "Reminiscences," twenty-eight volumes of "Journals of Tours," a detailed Diary running from 1811 to 1867, and various bundles of miscellanæ. From this mass of material, of which Dr. Sadler's three-volume edition included not over one twenty-fifth of the whole, Miss Morley has selected the letters relating to the Wordsworth circle contained in her new book.

Both Dr. Sadler's and Miss Morley's books show that, capacious as were Robinson's sympathies, he was no mere collector of celebrities, but was rather a connoisseur of genius. He was kind to James Montgomery, but his praise was limited to the temperate remark that Montgomery was "a very respectable poet." He admired Southey, but with clear-sighted reservations. He described his "Doctor" as "a pleasant, but a very unsubstantial book . . . very pretty literary small talk." But he saw Goethe as "the mightiest intellect that has shone on this earth for centuries"; in Shelley he discerned the greatness of one "who in poetic genius better deserves to be classed with Wordsworth and Coleridge than either Byron, Scott, or Tom Moore"; and when he read Keats's "Hyperion" he called it "a poem of great promise," showing qualities which should place its author "at the head of the poets of the next generation." In like manner Robinson welcomed literally scores of important figures who at one time or another moved across the far-flung horizon of his literary life—among them Hazlitt, Carlyle, Macaulay, and Arnold. It was he who first taught Madame de Staël the secrets of German philosophy; and he, too, who before Carlyle, helped make German poetry and philosophy popular in England.

It is as a devotee of Wordsworth, however, that he is best known, and it is his relation to Wordsworth and his circle that is chronicled in Professor Morley's new volumes. Upon first reading Wordsworth in 1802, with his customary clarity and certainty of judgment, Robinson at once pronounced him an original and true genius, "our first English poet." This was to be the tenor of his critical comment on Wordsworth for sixty-five years-Wordsworth and his poetry were his constant topics. At the end of a half century, he was writing, "I love him more now than I did fifty years ago." More than any other single individual, perhaps, he helped create a taste for Wordsworth's poetry. "I made many converts," he once said simply. But his admiration was the result of shrewd appraisal, never blind idolatry. Even his great personal friendship for Wordsworth, which began at their first meeting in 1808, and continued without interruption to the poet's death in 1850, did not prevent his seeing and pointing out defects. He censured Wordsworth for his intolerance toward other writers, questioned the wisdom of his accepting the laureateship, and in general deplored his defection from the Liberals; likewise, with robust critical integrity, he found fault with "Peter Bell" and other weaker poems, and even made suggestions for their improvement—suggestions to which Wordsworth, we are a bit surprised to learn, listened with respect.

For years the privileged friend of the family, a frequent and welcome visitor at Rydal Mount, Robinson carried on an extended correspondence with Wordsworth and other members of the group. The Wordsworths always carefully returned Robinson's letters to him, and he as carefully preserved theirs. Regarded from the point of view of biographical interest alone, this correspondence makes a notable contribution to literature. Of the 671 letters and bits of memoranda included by Miss Morley less than a hundred have ever appeared before. Nearly fifty of the new pieces are Wordsworth's own, and a still larger number are from Dorothy, Mary, Quillinan, and others of the immediate family. With a complete veracity until recently unknown to writers on Wordsworth, Miss Morley prints the Wordsworth letters exactly as they were written: for once the Wordsworths are allowed to speak for themselves, without officious editorial meddling. Robinson and other friends of the circle speak as frankly—whatever excisions occur are obviously in the interests of relevancy. The result is one of the most satisfactory books on Wordsworth ever written. Here, in the delightfully unpremeditated sincerity of intimate correspondence, often so much more illuminating than formal biography, the story of the Wordsworths is revealed to us as we have long wanted to know it—in its simple truth. No other book certainly gives one so much the feel of meeting the Wordsworths at home, living their quiet, unaffected, if somewhat regulated lives. The impression left with the reader is on the whole a pleasant one. If there is some austerity here, there are also kindness, sympathy, cheerful affection, always intellectual buoyancy. Mrs. Wordsworth is especially delightful—some one should write an essay about her; Dorothy, until her health fails, is, as usual, capable, eager, understanding; Wordsworth himself, in spite of some uncomplimentary things said about him by different ones of the circle, is more attractive than he is sometimes made to appear—more gracious, more indulgent, more tenderly solicitous for the welfare of others. There is much warm humanity here at Rydal Mount and Wordsworth has his full share of it.

Readers will be long grateful to Miss Edith Morley and to Henry Crabb Robinson for this new view of the Wordsworths. Miss Morley's book contains the breath of life, it is authentic, it fills a gap in our knowledge of Wordsworth; and henceforth no one will expect to understand him without its aid.

The Art of Biography

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH BIOGRAPHY. By HAROLD NICOLSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $1.25.

TOLSTOY. By HUGH I'ANSON FAUSSET. The same. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

As soon as any kind of endeavor is called an art it acquires standards and tests, and presently will be developing its canons and contesting schools. The word biography was composed to mean any written account of a life, but Mr. Nicolson will not admit a biography to be real biography unless it meets his tests, which seem sensible enough if perhaps a little exclusive. His rapid survey of the history of English biography is, so far as I know, the only book on the subject, which it covers in a masterly fashion.

Medieval biography is nearly all the lives of saint blundering haloed. Bede had a sense of construction and a personal note, but still he was a hagiographer. Asser's "Life of Alfred" is the first biography of an English layman, but it is both conventional and improbable, with almost nothing directly observed. Eadmer's "Life of Anselm" in the twelfth century is the first "pure" biography, and even makes use of letters. By the thirteenth century hagiography was declining and biography should have risen in its place. If Chaucer had written a life of John of Gaunt it might have been a classic, because John of Gaunt was a character and Chaucer had all the faculties of a supreme biographer. But the fifteenth century is a blank, except for the "Paston Letters." In the sixteenth century were written two biographies of importance, Roper's "More" and Cavendish's "Wolsey." Roper was biased and inaccurate, but readable and vivid. Cavendish's "Wolsey" is a deliberately artistic piece of work composed to a thesis, namely, the mutability of fortune. But it is skilfully done, for the thesis is not explicit, but implicit, and kept in the background. Cavendish and Roper mark an immense advance. They were commemorative and didactic, but they broke away from the long tradition of hagiography and shifted the center of interest. "Neither of them regard their subjects as types representing ideals or institutions, but as individuals representative of human personality." If English biography had developed undisturbed from that seed it should have reached its full flowering a century earlier than it did.

Mr. Nicolson attributes the disappointing seventeenth century to the disastrous influence of Plutarch, Theophrastus, and the French school of character sketches. So far as the two latter go I can see that their influence would be a set back, but I do not seem to see Plutarch in the same boat, and Mr. Nicolson does not anywhere explain or justify the inclusion. Walton's "Lives" are far from realistic and almost hagiographical; his own lovable personality is a thick veil over his portraits. Clarenden's "History" is a gallery of portraits, but he was steeped in Tacitus, the Theophrastians, and the French character sketch. "He has little concern with personal idiosyncrasies"; his method is to personify qualities and treat historical characters as ethical types, a method which has persisted in some degree down as far as Macaulay and Carlyle. John Aubrey's "Minutes" of lives is little more than a brilliant card-index. He was a born biographer but shiftless. Anthony à Wood was a pedant, Thomas Fuller of the "Worthies" was another compiler of biographical notes of merit, but given over to futile generalities. The later seventeenth century produced a mass of "ana" the most famous of them Selden's "Table Talk." Mr. Nicolson remarks "I cannot follow Dr. Johnson in his admiration of Selden's 'Table Talk.' It seems to me pompous, dull, and elaborate." I cannot follow Mr. Nicolson. It seems to me none of these things, a great pity there is not more of it. There are also the diaries of Evelyn, Pepys, and Sir Kenelm Digby. Hamilton's "Gramont" is a work of art and something of a *chronique scandaleuse*, but not strictly a biography. Of autobiographies there are Lord Herbert of Cherbury's, a most singular book; Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs which are original and charming; the Duchess of Newcastle's which are still more so; and Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs of her husband and herself, "representing the widow-biographer at her very worst." Mr. Nicolson is not only positive but caustic. The trouble with seventeenth century biography, he suggests, was the moral earnestness of the time. "Biography is essentially a profane brand of literature." The moral earnestness and solid convictions of the seventeenth and of the middle part of the nineteenth century cramped its biography which "is the preoccupation and the solace, not of certainty but of doubt."

* * *

The amount of English biography increases steadily through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to the flood conditions of to-day. Very significant in the eighteenth is Roger North's Lives of his three brothers, written in 1715. He is gay and vivid; in an age of seriousness he wrote with humor, frankness, and dramatic skill. Mason's "Life of Gray" was the first in the "life and letters" method and had an important influence on both Boswell and Johnson. Johnson's "Life of Savage" is the first masterpiece of English biography. On Johnson and Boswell, their method and originality, Mr. Nicolson dwells in some detail. The greatest biography at full length, after Boswell's work, is Lockhart's "Scott." For examples of the devasting effect of moral earnestness and sentimentalism on Victorian biography he gives Stanley's "Arnold" and Lady Burton's "Burton." In the Froude-Carlyle controversy he is quite on the side of Froude. He admits however too much good biographical work in the nineteenth century to leave much substance to his thesis of nineteenth century decline. That no full length biography after Lockhart was as impeccable as Lockhart's may be true or may be debatable, but the immense increase in the volume of good biography in the nineteenth century is hardly debatable. Sainte-Beuve remarked in 1852 that Walckenaer's "La Fontaine" (1820) first introduced into France the large biography of the English type, "*ce genre de grandes biographies à l'anglaise.*" It was Boswell mainly who created the type. But a list of the admirable full length nineteenth century biographies could not be paralleled or approached by any other era.

The first problem of the twentieth century, Mr. Nicolson continues, was to differentiate. There were all kinds in the century preceding: the "life and times" species like Carlyle's "Frederick" and Masson's "Milton"; ethical and commemorative types tending to hagiography; elegies, apologies, and idyls; and fanciful treatments running off into fiction. But individuality and absolute truth are the tests and purposes of biography proper; the former

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

divides it from history, the latter from fiction. If it is not truthful and concerned primarily with an individual, it is something else than biography. The present taste for biography is an interest in the personal side of history on the part of some, and is a relish for psychology on the part of others. The latter interest, which Mr. Nicolson thinks the more important, is partly "scientific" and partly "literary." The scientific interest, is for most readers superficial, and consists in identifying and comparing themselves and their experiences with those of another man. But it is an intelligent interest and is increasing. "The less people believe in theology, the more they believe in human experience, and it is to biography that they go for this experience." And the intelligent reader is also demanding literary form.

The two most significant English biographies of the twentieth century so far are perhaps Gosse's "Father and Son" and Strachey's "Queen Victoria." The full length biography continues, but these two illustrate psychological insight and literary form, condensation and suggestiveness. Mr. Strachey's irony is a model of artistic "debunking," and suggestive also of its perils.

* * *

Mr. Chesterton begins his recent book on Stevenson with the remark: "I propose to review his books with illustrations from his life rather than write his life with illustrations from his books," but it is not what he really does. Rather, like Mr. Fausset in "Tolstoy, the Inner Drama," he writes the life as the books show it. For he believes that the true private life was not in Samoa but in "Treasure Island." The recollections of friends are superficial. What Stevenson wrote, that he was far more than anything else. At least such a theory and procedure draws us back to the half forgotten fact that the important things about a famous writer are his writings and not the incidents of his life; or as Mr. Chesterton says: "I am so perverse as to interest myself in literature when dealing with a literary man, and in the philosophy inhering in the literature —in a certain story, which is indeed the story of his life, but not exactly the story of his biography. It is an inward and spiritual story." So that such books as Mr. Fausset's and Mr. Chesterton's may be indicative of a tendency in twentieth century biography to look more and more for the "the inward and spiritual story."

It may be suspected that not all books are safe and sufficient revelations of their authors, but with respect to Tolstoy the method is probably sound; his "inner and spiritual story" is contained in his writings. Yet the photographs which Mr. Fausset gives of the young and the old Tolstoy are extraordinarily suggestive—the youth with the low tense brows and large sensuous mouth, and the weatherbeaten old prophet. When both the flesh and the spirit are inordinately powerful, aggressive, and intolerant, they never reach any placable compromise, but wage a chronic civil war. Tolstoy's works are full of that war's psychology.

Cardinal Gasquet, the most eminent of English Catholic scholars, has recently been in Great Britain. As Prefect of the Vatican Archives, he is supervising the preparation of an index to the great Library, containing nearly half a million books and 500 MSS., while he is also President of the Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate. We summarize following from an interview he gave to the London *Observer:*

The Index, upon which twenty experts are engaged, will, Cardinal Gasquet thinks, probably occupy five years. The whole cost, which the Americans have been providing out of the Carnegie funds, will amount to at least £5,000 or £6,000. They invited two Italians to visit America to study the modern card-index systems of the principal libraries—one of them spent six months touring the various institutions, while another stayed at Columbia University — and brought back a duplicate of the wonderful index of the Congress Library, which will be of great assistance. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, the head of Columbia University, has taken a prominent part in the scheme, and Mr. Bishop, of the Carnegie body, with several colleagues, is supervising the work in Rome. At first it was feared that the Americans might want to carry out the work solely in their own way, but it is being undertaken on the friendliest basis.

The Real King George

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD. Volumes III to VI. Edited by the Hon. Sir John Fortescue. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $8 a volume.

Reviewed by Frederick Marcham

SIR JOHN FORTESCUE brings to an end his edition of the correspondence of George III. with these four volumes which cover the period 1773-1783. His task as editor has been a heavy one. He has had to sort over, read, and transcribe these 4,500 papers from among the vast body of correspondence preserved in the Royal Archives at Windsor. He sets them before us in chronological order and arranged in volumes, each volume covering a period of about two years and each supplied with a historical introduction and an index.

This edition of the papers does not provide an entirely new account of events, because most of the correspondence of George III. and Lord North was published by Donne in 1867. Its chief value to the historian lies in the immense amount of new information with which other letters and papers of all kinds fill out the bare story contained in Donne's edition. The complete correspondence, as published by the new editor, forms a continuous and authentic story of public affairs during the fatal years when George himself made and directed English policy.

The chief matters of public importance in England during this time were the revolt of the American colonies and the vigorous and successful attempt of the king to be his own prime minister. There are many papers, now made available for the first time, which deal with the Revolution. They do not afford sufficient evidence for drastic alteration of opinion on major points; indeed, there are few minor matters which will have to be reconsidered on account of them, but by way of despatches, department minutes, private comment, and similar documents they provide details of every kind which give body to the existing record. The bearing of the correspondence on our knowledge of George III. is much more important. In the past, character sketches of the king and the story of his reign have been compiled from correspondence published by Donne and from private and semi-public papers. This material, though large in quantity, has proved too incomplete to justify historians in drawing final conclusions from it and has led those who have used it to eke out fact with fancy. On the sure basis of this new edition of the correspondence it becomes possible to form a balanced judgment of the king's character and policy.

Drawing illustrating a scene of Russian peasant life. By M. Vlassenko.

Lord Thurlow, in conversation with the Prince of Wales concerning his father George III., is reported to have said, "Sir, your father will continue to be a popular king as long as he continues to go to church every Sunday and to be faithful to that ugly woman, your mother." The sober and honorable nature of the king's private life received no worse censure than this from his enemies. It commanded the reverence of the great mass of his subjects and has not been put in question by historians. Opinion regarding his public life has been neither so constant nor so generous. During the last half century there have been two major interpretations of the king's policy. One group of historians has represented him as a narrow-minded meddler in English politics who "spent a long life obstinately resisting measures which are now almost universally admitted to have been good, and in supporting measures which are as universally admitted to have been bad." This opinion has been watered down a good deal by recent students who, largely by way of offering a more reasonable account of English opinion and policy during the American revolution, have described him as the leader of conservatism in England—and for that not to be blamed—and as one who governed Great Britain's first empire at the time of its foreordained disintegration, the champion of a dying cause.

* * *

These opinions now give way to descriptions of the substantial character, neither villain nor simple hero, who appears in the complete correspondence. The king first claims attention as a typical administrator. Conservative, confident, efficient, he directed the government, whipped up support, punished defaulters, and kept all subordinates in close control. He was, moreover, an administrator who strove with more than ordinary zeal to follow out a policy. He wished to keep unchanged the system of domestic and imperial government that existed in the early years of his reign and to persuade all Englishmen to his belief that it was "'the most perfect combination that ever was framed." He had equal confidence in his own power to control the system, to choose the best men for its service, and by means of it to gain fresh lustre for the nation. His enthusiasm, being steadied by conservatism and efficiency, made him a good business man and a good politician, but it was not enough to make him a statesman, for statesmanship springs from a compound of efficiency and other qualities, such as imagination, flexibility of mind, and a sense of humor. George III. lacked these lighter qualities and lacked them in no common degree. This abnormality led him to denounce all his political opponents as traitors, to belittle their talents, to oppose an unwavering resistance to all forms of change, and to conduct daily correspondence during a period of ten years without the use of one genial word. The intensity of his one-sidedness prepares us for his temporary lapses into madness.

The first to describe the king's character anew is the editor of these volumes, and to him the complete correspondence brings no uncertain vision. He sees the king as a man who fought a great fight and was beaten by selfish factions of English politicians and the thankless rebels of North America; that is, as George would have seen himself. The frame of mind in which he approached his task is well represented by his final sentence in the introduction of Vol. VI, which either discloses his misunderstanding of eighteenth century politics or is a libel on the governmental system of modern England; he is discussing a list of sinecure offices, "if it be thought scandalous, as well it may, let it be remembered that the governing class always provides for itself out of the public purse, that it is doing so at this moment, and that the cost under the new governing class is about a thousand times as great as under the old."

Poe's own copy of "The Raven" was recently offered for sale at the Anderson Galleries. The pedigree of the copy is thus set forth in the catalogue of the Gallery: "Early in the 1840's Edward Dexter Webb, the grandfather of the present owner, and one of the founders of the firm now known as Austin Nichols & Co., roomed in the same house with Poe. They were close friends, although Webb was not connected in any way with Poe's literary work, nor even particularly interested in it. Mr. Bull, the present owner, writes us concerning the circumstances under which this book came into his grandfather's possession: "My grandfather did not take Poe's work very seriously, but some time after the publication of the volume in question, Poe having gained considerable fame in New York City, and my grandfather having seen a stack of the books in Poe's room, he expressed a desire to purchase a copy. Poe replied that the supply at his room was exhausted, but that if he did not object to a used copy he could have his (Poe's) own copy. This my grandfather accepted. The book had Poe's signature on the cover, and the cover was torn off, and otherwise slightly worn. My grandmother stitched the cover back on several years later.

"The wear the book shows is due to Mr. Poe's own use of the book, as it has been preserved carefully since leaving his hands. . . . It has never been in the possession of any one but Mr. Poe, my grandfather and myself."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chicago—and America

DIVERSEY. By MacKinlay Kantor. New York: Coward-McCann. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by Robert B. Macdougall

CHICAGO casts her spell over men in many ways. To Mr. Kantor she means brutality and unlovely strivings. He sees the gangs in perpetually unpredictable warfare; a smashed body found on a lonely suburban road shows to him rival ambitions in clash, jealousies suddenly burst into the deft rip of machine-gun fire. Furthermore, he sees the utterly inglorious grafting and petty thievery of favored officeholders; the political giants of Cook County play checkers with cringing yes-men. If there is a glint of honor and courage, it is behind the quick hands of the gunmen; politics is merely dull dirtiness. All this sort of thing is of immense interest in 1928. Mr. Kantor's "Diversey" gives us the thrill of comprehending the ways and the purposes of the Chicagoan underworld.

But the gangs are not Chicago. There are the eternals, the struggle for love and understanding, the struggle for the necessaries of life. Mr. Kantor gives us in crushing detail the lives of the men and women in a lodging house—dreariness come to a climax in the dinginess of Henderson's. We understand completely Jo, the hungry little girl across the hall from Marry Javlin, and we understand him, the lad from the West, searching for wealth and happiness. These two are our intimates throughout the novel. They are Chicagoans to their depths, Chicagoans—and Americans. They have complete reality, and they are surrounded with a solidly built environment. It is a delight to see the background of a novel filled in so scrupulously and so vividly.

The rest of the world often wishes that it could understand the United States a little better. "Diversey" would be tonic reading for eager-minded strangers to our ways; it is not misleading in its portrayal of urban types and dilemmas peculiarly our own. But "Diversey" is no novel for blanket praise. It is often weakened by a tendency towards the bizarre in word and phrase; it is too long, its pace being uneven; compelling unity is sacrificed to a sprawling largeness; sentimental interludes of retrospect are out of place, and the ending is inconclusive. But it is a first novel, and far better than most first novels. We are sure that we shall read few more stoutly realistic novels of gang warfare. We also know that here we find unusually honest detail of the life of our poor urban white collar trash—the standardized majority of any city crowd. "Diversey" remains, in spite of annoying faults, a splendidly exciting portrait of Chicago.

Poet and Novelist

THE KING OF SPAIN AND OTHER POEMS. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.

GEORGIE MAY. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by William Rose Benét

THE title poem of Maxwell Bodenheim's new book of verse pleases me better than much of his poetry that I have read. It is extremely well handled. Someone once objected to Bodenheim's appending an "irrelevant footnote" to one of his poems, and—after that the deluge; as might easily, knowing Bodenheim's temperament, have been surmised. He has had a high time with plenty of footnotes in this volume. That aside—for they do not strike me as convulsing—and why it makes any difference to a real poet whether he receives an honorable mention or not in a prize competition must remain one of the sacred mysteries to me—let us consider the rest of these new poems. They are not so good. "Songs to a Woman" have delicate beauty, but are not more Bodenheim than they might be a number of others. "The Crucifixion" is striking, but rather too obvious; "Jazz-Music" doesn't come off at all; the quatrain "Motion" is singularly inept for Bodenheim; "Metaphysical" is boring; "They Called Him Insane" has been designed to shock Mr. Sumner, but I couldn't get interested in it even then, nor could I get interested in old John Miljus. The final poem is a parody of Bodenheim. "Dear Minna" I am likely to remember, however, and there are good things in "Baseball Game" and "Advice to a Young Lady." "Anathemas" offends my taste, as it was designed to offend. The "Third Epitaph" I like, but I can't say much for the other quatrains. The other poems I do not dismiss, but they made no deep impression. So much for one person's opinion. Bodenheim at his best can write in a deviously epigrammatic manner that I have often found repaid the closest reading. They say now, I know, that his manner "dates"; which is a statement of no importance. He is one of the most original poets we have produced in the last twenty years. He has exercised a versatility quite extraordinary. In the present book, as in all his books, you can pick and choose for your favorites. Mine is the title poem, by far.

Bodenheim as a novelist is another matter. When his manner is adapted to prose one realizes that the impact of his peculiar images and metaphors is often far greater in the stringent speed of verse than on the balder page of prose. And were they singing "In the good old summer time" as late as nineteen-nine? Heavens, I can remember that that song was popular among young people at least as early as nineteen-two, if not earlier.

Bodenheim tells the story of a prostitute in a southern city. It is not an agreeable story, but it is told honestly enough. Much of it is written in a Southern dialect that can hardly be said to be handled in a masterly way. I have never known Bodenheim to try dialect before. It does not seem to be exactly up his street. Is his story interesting? I must admit that I did not find it etxraordinarily interesting. I should have been held in bonds of some sort of sympathy by Georgie May. I wasn't particularly. But take the jail scene that opens part three, and the thinking and talking to each other of the various characters throughout the story. That bespeaks first-hand observation and a gift for description and dialogue. And if anyone approaches the book for pornographic details they will be doomed to disappointment. This is a book written with no motive that would appeal to them, written on behalf of the Georgie Mays of the world and with directness and feeling. It is rough, tough material, and its end in melodrama is, at least, accomplished swiftly. Of course, when Mrs. Thomas Pemberton comes in at the end and talks exactly like Georgie May, I sincerely wonder. Mrs. Thomas Pemberton doesn't convince me.

"Georgie May" is what they call "unsparing realism." But the characters have been studied at first hand; and that gives it weight as a document. Technically considered, it is not a first-rate novel, but it preserves an integrity greater than that of most second-raters.

Animal Sociology

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE ANIMAL WORLD. By Friedrich Alverdes. (International Library of Psychology.) New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $3.75.

Reviewed by C. K. Ogden

THE interest of humanity in Possible Worlds has received fresh impetus during the present century from three sources—Instrumental technique, chatter about Relativity, and Comparative Psychology. The next decade will see the full exploitation of the comparative method, for though few of us can look through mammoth telescopes, and fewer still go through the looking-glass or collapse into flatland, we can all wonder what it would be like to see through the eyes of a dog, or even to bark through its mouth.

The more he saw of men, the more the late Dr. Whewell liked dogs. But it is doubtful whether that eminent logician, though Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, had ever encountered the pariah dog. Professor Alverdes, who holds the Chair of Zoölogy at Halle, gives us a vivid account of this ill-conditioned creature, "which immediately attacks any of his kind that has not scuffled together with him. In oriental cities every street and alley has its own pack of half-wild dogs, which never leave it. If one of these dogs enters a strange alley, the dogs domiciled there fall upon the stranger and tear it to pieces unless it saves itself by speedy flight."

Our respect for man revives; and according to Professor Alverdes, the chief value of a comprehensive survey of animal sociology is to afford us a comparison with the social life of men; not so that certain similarities and differences of behavior may be brought to light, but that by this comparison at all points of the scale we may discover "basic instincts and impulses upon which the whole edifice of human society is reared."

His book is divided into Special and General Sociology. The first section is limited rather closely to the facts concerning the relationships, in the different species, of the two sexes, and of parents to their offspring. We find forms of monogamy, polygamy, and polyandry in the animal world. Despite the fact that men have emphasized the arbitrary character of marriage, many animals are strictly monogamous; and the fact that they continue to live together throughout the periods of sexual inactivity leads Professor Alverdes to stress the biological necessity of a special instinct for mateship. Polygamy is the general rule in herds, where a male collects a "harem" of females; for instance among elephants, Indian buffalo, and antelopes. Polyandry is rare.

The second section deals with such broad characteristics of animal life as the form of societies, imitation and habit, dancing and courtship, play, and domesticity. Man is always interested by the idea of animals behaving as he does. This has led him in the past to anthropomorphize and attribute his own motives and feelings to animals, with dangerous results: aware of this danger, however, we may yet delight in the accounts given here of behavior amusingly reminiscent of our own.

There is the chamois, who knows the fun of tobogganing, and slides on his haunches for a hundred and fifty yards, returning to repeat the performance; the female penguin, who, like the heroine of melodrama, flings herself between two fighting males; the "pairing parties" of the Birds of Paradise, in special trees and at special times. Even more amusing, in the light of the vogue for Intelligence Tests, is the fact that the "pecking order" of hens (their order of acknowledged right to bully among each other) correlates closely with their intelligence. It is refreshing to find a bee acting as a ventilator for its community. Even more attractive are the living store-cupboards of the Honey Ants, who stuff a species of worker with food, and suspend them from the roof of the nest until such time as provisions are wanted.

Professor Alverdes is not only a pioneer in the way he has treated the study of animals, but he has also thrown new light on much that was unknown. He also devotes attention to such debated issues as the modification of instinct. The work of Rüschkamp, who found that in a mixed colony of ants under his observation one species even went so far as to rear root-eating instead of bark-eating cattle (aphids), and made a complete change in their method of nest-building, suggests that ants still offer a particularly valuable field for research.

In the last chapter, on "Human Sociology from a Biological Standpoint," Professor Alverdes shows the difference in the ratio of the constant and variable factors in animal and human behavior. In the latter, V is nearly always greater than C: it is this which accounts for the particular forms which man's ideas on such subjects as religion and marriage take, but the actual existence of these ideas rests on the possession of a C impulse to indulge in metaphysical speculation.

The possibility of religion was given when man began to form ideas on the one hand about the demands made by his egoistic and social instincts, and on the other about his dependence upon his environment. He objectified the demands of "the inner voice" into gods and goddesses, more or less spiritually conceived. A rich growth of imaginative theories entwined themselves around these and satisfied his need of metaphysical speculation. . . . If the different species of animals were gifted, as men are, with a propensity for speculation each would construct a world order cut to its pattern, and every one of these would be valid and real within the circle of individuals for which it was created.

The Saturday Review of Literature

Henry Seidel Canby.....*Editor*
William Rose Benét.....*Associate Editor*
Amy Loveman.....*Associate Editor*
Christopher Morley.....*Contributing Editor*
Noble A. Cathcart.....*Publisher*

Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. V. No. 4.

Copyright, 1928, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

August 6, 1928

IN the smoking car, whose etiquette is that you keep quiet and let men read the morning paper, it occurs to the student that future historians might value a casual abstract of one day's marginalia on the book of life. I take a New York morning newspaper, on a Monday in August 1928, and quote some of its minor items. It is not for me to offer comment; I leave that to the historian of 2028.

The Mayor of New York, who "despite the weather, wore a vest," returned from a six weeks' absence, mostly on the Pacific coast. "After travelling 10,000 miles," he said, "I wasn't in one place where there was any difficulty to see and get liquor. I didn't take advantage of this, however." It is still news, by the way, when a Mayor of New York carries a cane.—The United States Air Transport, Inc., advertised daily air service to Washington: leave Teterboro Field 4 p. m., arrive Washington 6.15 p. m. Fare one way, $30. Equipment: Ryan Brougham Monoplanes, sister ships to "Spirit of St. Louis," carrying four passengers and express.—In the *Public Notices* column, which lists mostly Inquiries for Missing Persons and "not responsible for debts contracted by my wife," the voice of Hazard can always be heard: "Party going to jungles of South America on sporting and film-taking expedition wants man to join them. K. R., 104 East 14." "Two outdoor-loving girls desire join family on boat trips, week-ends, paying own expenses." "Gentleman driving to Denver, closed Packard, can accommodate three gentlemen." "$15,000 Hispano-Suiza and man who knows how to use it, awaits instructions in England for European or world tour; hirer pays $250 weekly. Cable Methven Gearbox, Hackwick, London."

A piano company, having a clearance sale, remark that "The sour tones of an old piano disastrously affect family dispositions. A tin-panny, untuned old piano makes you 'mad' every time you hear it. Imagine what friends and neighbors think of you."—The Consolidated Automatic Merchandising Corporation will send you a booklet on "The Automatic Age in Merchandising." The Company's program for the next 5 years "calls for the installation of 80,000 additional Sanitary Postage Machines. Supplying the public with loosely handled finger-printed postage stamps, a danger to public health, will practically cease to exist.—The same corporation controls the Schermack Talking Automatic Merchandising Machines—"The Machines not only make change and deliver the merchandise, but also say *Thank you* together with the Manufacturer's slogan. The machine does everything but slap the customer on the back and ask him how his family is."—The Eastman Kodak Company made a full-page announcement of its "Kodacolor" process: "Home movies in full color, as easy to make as ordinary pictures in black and white."—Paul Block, the publisher, announced that he had bought the Brooklyn *Standard Union*, and printed a whole page of messages from all sorts of people, including Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Babe Ruth, Calvin Coolidge and Otto Kahn, all apparently steady readers of the *Standard Union*.

The weather was hot. People slept on the beach at Atlantic City. It was 96 in Baltimore. It was 102 in Phoenix. It was 94 in Boston and Philadelphia. It was 96 in Washington. It was 66 in Montreal, 64 in San Francisco. The Fall River Line said "When torrid summer days turn offices into ovens, take a cool invigorating trip. The water is the great fan whose never ceasing breezes will keep you refreshed and stimulated. Hot and cold running water in all staterooms. $4.50 to Fall River." Much geography could be learned by studying the sailing schedules of steamships. The *President Harding* was listed to sail for Bremen on the Wednesday: "Mail for Canaries, Senegal, Gambia, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Ivory Coast and Gold Coast must be specially addressed." The transcontinental air mail left New York at 11 a. m., arrived Chicago 7 p. m., arrived Omaha 20 minutes after midnight, arrived Cheyenne 4.30 a. m., arrived Salt Lake City 10 a. m., arrived San Francisco 4.30 p. m. The Pennsylvania Railroad urged you to travel through "that most beautiful valley of the Juniata, theme of Indian song and story. On the east slope of the main ridge of the Allegheny Mountains is the Horseshoe Curve, indescribably beautiful in the approaching twilight. Enjoy all this on the Pennsylvania Limited, the 20 hour 50 minute train, with a midday departure from New York and an early morning arrival in Chicago. Club car, valet service, ladies' maid, writing desk, current papers and periodicals, ball scores, stock quotations."—Incidentally I wish Mr. Pedrick, the cheerful passenger agent of the Pennsy, would put a copy of the *Saturday Review* on his limited trains, for a train is one of the few places left in the world where one can read in peace.

Peaches Browning (it will give the historian of 2028 some research to account for her news value) was playing at a theatre in Brooklyn. 34 motorists in Brooklyn, during a two-weeks' period, had their driving licenses suspended—21 of these for driving while drunk. At Rockaway Beach 20 summonses were served on people for undressing in motor cars. The matter of public undressing, the future historian will observe, is one of the quaintest of American phobias. It is only safe if done on the stage. The police of Rockaway were asking property owners at street intersections to keep their hedges trimmed low to prevent traffic accidents. Emergency dressing stations, with doctors and nurses, were urged for the White Horse Pike between Camden and Atlantic City, because the hospitals of New Jersey cannot accommodate all the people who bash themselves up in week-end motoring to the shore.—*The Ladder*, that much revised play (said to have been written in red ink), presented gratis for many months, was still in existence at the Cort Theatre with audiences supposed to average about a dozen people. The job of running the Cort box office must be very tranquil; I wonder if the ticket-wallah would like some books to review in his spare time? The ad says "Money Refunded if Not Satisfied with Play."

The parsons had been busy in their Sunday sermons. Dr. Roach Straton said that Governor Smith had a lovable disposition but "whether wittingly or unwittingly was a friend of vice." Rev. Everett Wagner said that the stream of automobiles on the highways on Sunday was evidence that people "find expression for the finer sense of freedom and quiet meditation." Rev. William C. Judd said it would be all right for the men in the congregation to take off their coats and be comfortable, but only one usher at the back of the church did so. Rev. John McNeill "deplored the prevalence of profanity. What particularly pained him was the fact that the practice of using unseemly language had spread to the feminine world." Professor Luccock of Yale, preaching at a theological seminary, said that the much-touted American efficiency was dubious. "We build an $8,000,000 moving picture temple in which to show 30-cent pictures." The International News Company urged you to buy English religious journals (sample copies 12c each) to keep abreast of "the prayerbook controversy raging within the Church of England."

An "overnight bag" containing a black coolie coat, a navy blue dress, and a typewritten manuscript was lost in a taxicab outside a restaurant on 58th Street. Telephone Spring 1910. I wonder what the MS. was? (Incidentally I wish we might use the abbreviation TS. for a typescript to distinguish from actual penmanship.) The Parisian modistes had concluded their showing of fall and winter modes. The colors for this autumn were said to be scarlet, brick-dust red and tangerine. Picturesque robes will be the style. Short-waisted bodices with extremely circular skirts flaring to the floor behind. The favorite trimming consists of strings of graduated buttons set thickly with rhinestones or tiny mirrors.—The Marathon race in the Olympic Games was won by an Arab from Algeria. "It is the strange irony of destiny," says the A. P. dispatch, "that the only athlete who won for France shuns her wines, drinks nothing but milk and water." Marathon dancers, the biological oddities of the year 1928, were still going strong. A pair of them had just reached the outskirts of New York after having danced down the Post Road all the way from Bridgeport. An alumnus of the Bunion Derby (perhaps that will puzzle 2028?) ran backward from Bridgeport to Stamford, 35 miles, in 7½ hours, "breaking all previous records for backward running."—Electric refrigeration was highly spoken of in the ads. There seemed to be plenty of apartments to let, and plenty of Household Situations Wanted. A couple, Japanese man and Scotch wife (unusual combination, surely?) would go anywhere as cook-valet and waitress-chambermaid. Russian gentleman, highly educated, wished a position as private secretary or major domo with a gentleman desiring to shed all responsibilities of home duties. The Childs Restaurant Company desired a limited number of intelligent English speaking young ladies, ages 18 to 25. The Mayfair Mannequin Academy assured you that Attractive Girls can become professional models in a few inexpensive lessons. "If you earn less than $50 weekly you should become a Wilfred Beauty Expert at once; learn the famous Wilfred System of Beauty Culture during the DAY or EVENING. Prepare you for the best positions in smart beauty shoppes."—Christmas card salesmen were wanted, a new kind of beautiful Christmas card; cards sell on sight.

"Salesmen to assist on membership drive, strictly private golf club."—"*Free*, A short course in salesmanship to every one atending the 10 o'clock sharp Monday morning Barton System lecture on Master Salesmanship; learn how to analyze yourself and prospect—108 different difficult situations charted out" . . . . "and if you are weary tired of stubborn resistance you can join the Harry Levey Graphic Homesite Organization: learn how the California Lecture and Excursion system solves the hot weather problem, breaks down resistance."

The world of finance and investment is one of which this anthologist has no knowledge, he refrains from excerpt—mentioning merely that Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit 6s, the only investment he ever made, and a very satisfactory one, were quoted at 98½. He watches them just now with attentive eye, as he is about to part with some of them to pay for a piece of waterfront.—Real estate ads are always interesting. Out in Huntington, L. I., for instance, we notice William E. Gormley calling attention to "An old farmhouse, 10 rooms, 3 open fireplaces; 2¼ acre plot; Lloyd Neck, overlooking Lloyd Harbor; magnificent old trees; a good purchase at $15,000." In that case, as I know by personal observation, the word "magnificent" is not misused; just in front of that farmhouse is the finest tree I have seen in America.—At 246 5th Avenue a gentleman advertises "Mail received, telephone messages taken, confidential, $5 monthly." Most services of this sort hail from Fifth Avenue: there seems to be a certain flavor about an Avenue address that is highly relished.—There was a "Forest-Farm in Pomerania, Germany" for sale: 3400 acres of which 1977 acres are timber-forest, 1235 acres best farmland. Modern castle with all comforts. Fixed price $290,000.

There were 14,007 students in the Columbia Summer School. And the American Booksellers Association calculated that in the United States twice as much money is spent for candy as for books. 6.9 pounds of candy are sold for each volume of reading matter, but as the newspaper adds "more than one person may read each book, a situation which is not paralleled in the field of candy."

These, then, were some of the items that caught the eye of a reader of the New York *Times* on August 6, 1928. Undoubtedly a Keyserling in 2028 will be able to deduce all sorts of theories from them; mostly fallacious. But whatever 2028 may say about our present skirmishes he mustn't think we don't enjoy 'em.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, the poet, heads a group of Italian scholars who are assembling a new collection of ancient Italian music to be exhibited at the Casa Italiana of Columbia University next spring, it is announced by Professor John L. Gerig, executive officer of the Department of Romance Languages.

The collection will constitute a section of a general exhibition of music by the great masters of Italy, past and present. With the sanction of Premier Mussolini, representatives of the Italian government, members of faculties of universities, publishers, composers, and men of letters are coöperating in gathering the material for the exhibition.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Movies for

By TERRY RAMSAYE

WHILE the art of letters is on its way down to the masses, the art of the motion picture is on its way up to the classes.

The printed word has, let us hope, reached somewhere near bottom. The evidence is the daily tabliod newspaper. The movies have climbed only the most faintly perceptible distance from that lowly level. The screen offers barely enough evidence to show a trend.

Both movements are resultants of economic forces working by and through the developing equipment of the machine era, for in these closely kindred forms of expression we see civilization and all the processes of elaboration conditioned by tools. The once tedious and costly art of letters has been made increasingly by type and the printing press, and therefore printers and publishers have had to delve into lower and more extensive strata for customers. The motion picture, born of the machine, has become so expensive that only the millions can afford it. Only now, when the mass markets are saturated, are costs sufficiently reduced to make the film of service to minorities.

Among these intelligent, literate minorities there has been slight recognition of the motion picture. Although the films have an audience of not less than fifty millions on this continent alone, they have been seriously considered in but a handful of books and a few acutely external articles in the periodical press. It is not admitted by the intellectually adult that there is anything in the movies but money.

* * *

The millions who most enjoy the motion picture are fugitives from thought and do not care to know anything about its art. The exploiting owners of the movies are a small group who regard discussion as painful because likely to be personal. And these proprietors are highly self-conscious and sensitive because prosperity has reached them before culture. Hence they class as a foe any person who speaks or writes with intelligent candor about the screen, no matter how abstractly.

Recently the executive head of one of the major movie concerns went into conference with the head of his publicity department. The magnate wanted to discontinue the issuance of passes to the press for the company's Broadway presentations.

"Why should we give seats to the critics?" he demanded. "I notice that no matter how well we may please our audiences with a picture the critics always find something about to find fault with. Now we make pictures to please the people and get them to spend their money at the box office. If a picture does that well it is perfect. The critics are damned fools."

But it is time to think of the motion picture not as pabulum for the masses, or a gaudy amusement device, but as a facile, powerful machine tool. As soon as those who have something to say gain access to the camera and become articulate in its terms, it will be seen how much can be said upon the screen that cannot be put in the printed page.

* * *

The movies will escape from Broadway and their servitude to mass amusement as an inevitable result of two new developments. For thirty years the manufacturers of film and cameras found ample room for sales in the amusement-movie world. But two or three years ago the chief maker of movie cameras discovered that the producer's studios were amply supplied with machines that had a discouragingly long life. At the same time the chief maker of film stock met strong competition in a market which could not be extended. The result was a sudden development of the amateur movie camera and various special film stocks and technical services for the amateur movie makers.

Until this time the motion pictures were under the ultimate control of not more than fifteen men, and the technique of their production was the exclusive possession of less than a thousand persons. Today there are about a hundred thousand home projectors in service in the United States, and possibly about half that many amateur movie cameras. The screen has escaped from Broadway and the camera from Hollywood. The tools of motion picture expression are reaching new hands and their products will in time become new capacities for expression. This means new audiences.

The masters of the movies are concerned. They have exerted suppressive pressures on every seepage of the film away from the screen theatres, and indeed, the larger career for the motion pictures will have to develop independently and in spite of the motion picture barons of today. Two decades ago exhibitors organized to protest the rental of pictures to churches and schools. Recently they have endeavored to lure into Hollywood employment the man who is the vital executive head of the organization which gives most encouragement to the intelligent minority audience for pictures and to the "little photoplay theatre." The millionaires of the movies, when they arrive at the age for repentances and benefactions, choose to rebuild cathedrals and establish parks and monuments in the European villages of their origin, or to scatter their largess to other more orthodox arts. The world of the motion picture includes few men of power who have any interest in either science, art, or culture for their own sake, and none who sees the screen in the light of such an interest. Their test of attainment is the auditor and the ticker. The movies have made money, and in the Broadway judgment that makes them perfect now.

Nevertheless, commercial competition is pushing up the motion picture toward intelligence. Since the mass market has reached something close to complete saturation, the quest of new markets, even if lesser ones, has led to some tentative, usually blind, gropings in the "little photoplay theatre" movement, and these are developing in commercial importance. There are about ten motion picture theatres in the United States which present programs not specifically addressed to those who move their lips when they read. They depend, in the main, on films which are accidental by-products of the machine production for mass markets.

But every upward step of the motion picture as a medium of expression has been the result of accident. When an accidental product departing from the routine of contemporary practice proved profitable it established a new form for the motion picture. The films have been falling upstairs. This is not stated in bitterness. It appears to be the method of nature in all evolution. The motion picture is natural, all too natural.

* * *

If we are to anticipate some of the steps by which the motion picture is to become more valuable it may be well to consider the progress it has already made. For the first time in history an art has been born and come to flowering in so short a space that one could stand by and watch it happen. There is a fascinating inevitability in what has happened. The movies have followed commercial opportunities like a vine following a crevice in a wall.

Civilization comes after the tools. With the tools available in primitive days it was difficult to write fast enough by pictures, so the same tools, the stylus, chisel, and brush, were used to make signs for pictures, and evolved alphabets. Intelligence became word-minded and literature or word-mongery rose to utility and power. The picture-making tools improved but slowly until chemistry and photography came to help. Motion was not statable until the test of the first film machine in Thomas Edison's laboratory at West Orange, New Jersey, on October 6, 1889.

The Edison Kinetoscope, a peep show machine, could record about 13 seconds of action on about fifty feet of film. In 1894 it reached the market as a catchpenny attraction purveying pictures of dancers, snatches of variety show acts, and boxing matches. Another promoter sought to present whole rounds of a prize fight and prevailed upon Edison to increase the capacity of the machine. This proved profitable and to make it more profitable an endeavor was made to project the pictures on the screen, after the manner of the magic lantern, so whole audiences could be entertained at once, for more profit. The problem was solved effectively in 1896, when Thomas Armat's Vitascope opened the Broadway career of the movies at Koster & Bial's Music Hall in Herald Square.

That opening began the vaudeville career for the movies. The machine was soon given a film capacity to occupy about the time of an average vaudeville act, say twelve to fifteen minutes. That required about one thousand feet of film, which continues today to be the unit of measurement—the reel.

The Edison cameras weighed a major fraction of a ton and the subjects had to be taken to the camera. Quest of novelty and scenery made the camera portable. The first long picture in the world was a prize fight and the second was a bullfight. The next long one was a record of the Passion Play. The young screen sought primitive appeal. Its recordings were as gory as the Babylonian sculptures or the tales of the Old Testament.

Then, in 1899 George Melies of the Theatre Robert Houdin in Paris, a magician, explored the possibilities of the camera for optical trickery and evolved the fade-out, the overlap dissolve, stop motion, multiple exposure, and related expedients. His effort at novelty added vastly to the vocabulary of the screen. By reason of the nature of his magic pictures, Melies had to arrange his scenes artificially. Now events were made to occur especially for the camera. This was as important as the discovery that roast pig did not require a conflagration.

* * *

But the movies were dying of box office malnutrition in 1903 when Edwin F. Porter, an Edison camera man, tried to revive the business by putting all the thrills he had seen into one picture. Here was economic determinism sharpened down to the fine point of one man and one job. "The Life of an American Fireman" resulted, a thin plot with a deal of motion in half a reel. It was dangerously near to an idea. Porter tried again and made "The Great Train Robbery," a real dime-novel story plot that actually occupied a whole reel. It was a world shaking success. The world it shook was small, but potentially important. The art of narration had been discovered by the movies.

It was chance which decided that the first movie theatre should be opened in Pittsburgh, but it was not chance which ordained that the career of the movies should be born in the service of the polyglottic foreign labor quarters of America's industrial centers. The motion picture imposed no literacy tests, offered no linguisitic barriers. It was cheap. Expatriate aliens, numerically, financially, and culturally too weak to support the imported arts of their fatherlands, could patronize and support the motion picture. They did, at once. The movie theatres spread over the nation like a rash, with the focus of infection inevitably and naturally in the foreign labor quarters of the industrial centers. Within two years there were five thousand such little movie shows, retailed by the minor shopkeepers of these quarters. Today's masters of the movies were nominated from among those shopkeepers, and have since elected themselves by the box office ballot. If democracy is a failure and the movies a mess, it is by popular will.

* * *

The swiftly rising demand for films changed the character of the producing machine. The first story movies were made on rooftops, in backyards, and parks. Demand for volume brought the erection of the studios, lighting equipment, and the employment of stock companies of actors. Costs mounted, but machine duplication of the product for a clamorous market brought increasing profits. The movies snatched at material everywhere, from the Bible to Byron. The art of the scenario was evolved to expedite production. Directors came in to supervise cameramen and actors. The advent of actors brought in the influence of the stage, as especially exemplified by the career of D. W. Griffith. Griffith, somewhat against his will and judgment, was prevailed upon to essay direction of pictures. He was a typical actor. He selected material, casts, and methods distinctly controlled by stage tradition, with a heavily melodramatic accent. Also he vastly improved screen technique by making the expedients of close-ups, dissolve, fade-outs, and the like, pioneered by the magician-photographers, a part of the new syntax of the films. William Bitzer, Griffith's cameraman, was an important contributor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Classes

Editor of the Pathé Review

Demand and nothing but demand determined the character of the wares of the screen. The motion picture drama has been born and reared under proletarian dictatorship. The audiences of those first formative years of the young screen drama were made up of immigrants who had come over on a steamship agent's promises of a land flowing with honey and gold, and found instead a job at the blast furnace or the abattoir. The screen could give them the vicarious attainment of their dream hopes. Then and there the movies acquired their strange flamboyance and grandiosity, their impossible drawing rooms, palaces, and parlors, their sure triumphs and saccharine climaxes. Also the labor agents and the steamship posters had promised Indians and cowboys and thrills. The factory slums of New York, Pittsburgh, Boston, and Chicago failed, but the movie screens delivered. The "western" film was a triumphant success.

The first dynasty of the masters of the movies was made up of inventors and pioneer cameramen, who built a trust based on a technology under patent protection. They prospered tremendously for ten years after the birth of the screen drama, grew purse proud and assured, and the art stood still. Up from the retail field, from among the exhibitors who began by serving those alien audiences, rose a new dynasty. These men had been furriers, haberdashers, cloth spongers, and candy butchers before the movies made them showmen. But they knew their public. They broke the power of the old established masters, and set about giving the motion picture a more imposing manner, more flash and extravagance, and better theatres.

Then the world war shut down the European studios and gave America a monoply of picture production. Furthermore the war profits enhanced the buying power of the workers. The new dynasty of the movie empire prospered tremendously. They were plungers. Wild competition ensued. Star salaries soared, scenario prices doubled and re-doubled and re-doubled again, all production costs mounted. Profits mounted, too.

The movie patrons, newly enriched by war wages, were able enough to pay for other arts and the drama of the stage, but they were precisely in the position of the sourdough, laden with Klondike gold, who entered the best restaurant in San Francisco and ordered fifty dollars worth of ham and eggs. Two-dollar-a-seat movies were the vain fictional boast of a promoter in 1915, but they have long since become a Broadway commonplace. First nights have sold out at ten dollars a seat. But the menu is still ham and eggs, super-ham and super-eggs.

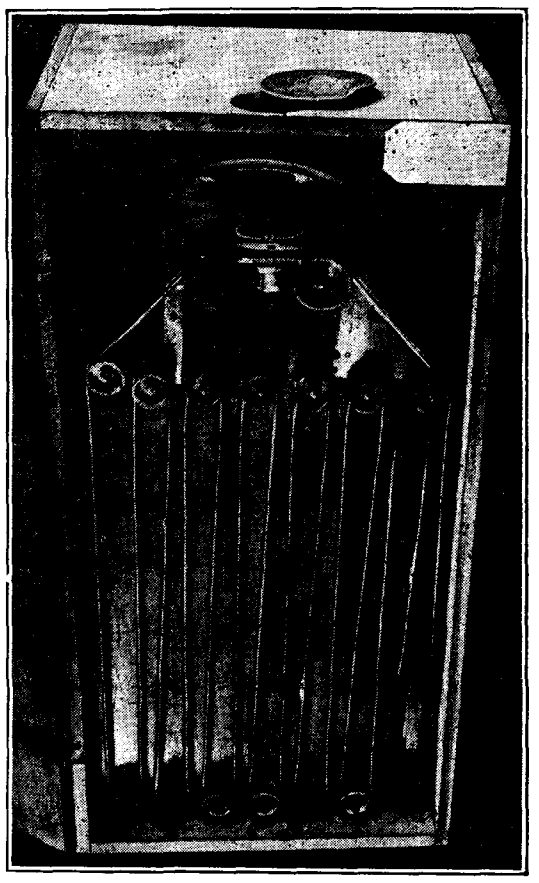
In the world of the motion picture, as in a Statler hotel, the customer is always right, and the customer must not only be pleased, he must also never be offended. One is reminded of Max Eastman's definition of the typical popular magazine of a decade and a half ago as something that would please almost anyone fifteen cents worth and not offend any one a nickel's worth. The motion picture, made as it is today, for everybody everywhere, dares nothing. For reasons of trade diplomacy it takes the bad churchman out of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," the preacher out of "Sadie Thompson," and all the Mexican villains out of the dramas of the great Southwest. Presently villain types will have to be selected from among the Esquimaux.

Meanwhile, fighting to hold and develop the foreign market, the producers have made an international congress of players of Hollywood, by importing every foreign player of promise. Loud complaints have arisen in every European country that the movies are Americanizing their life. It is hardly a just complaint. The motion picture is an art developed by Europeans for Europeans, both expatriate on American soil. It would be more accurate to say that if the motion pictures have an influence it has been toward the Europeanization of America.

But the motion picture has been credited with a much larger influence than the evidence warrants. The movies are prevalent and conspicuous, but that does not necessarily make them important factors of influence in the life of the day. Chewing gum, hot dogs, and bobbed hair are also prevalent and conspicuous, but not cosmic in their import. The usual complaint is that the motion picture standardized ideas and tastes. This is far from true. Taste makes the movies. The significance of the motion picture is in its revelation of the masses. It is the first art they have ever controlled, and is therefore the first complete and competent expression of what they are and what they like.

Nevertheless there are two distinct services that the motion picture has certainly achieved for America. It has elevated the American stage and has depressed the American press.

The rise of the screen took away from the speaking stage the profits of the roadshows and practically wiped out the stock companies. The stage was, by this development, freed from the rule of the hinterlands and the majorities. Once a Broadway run was but a prelude to a national career for a play, and enforced all the limitations that trying to please all America from Seattle to Boston imposed. The theatre was ruled by business. It is still a business, but a business from which the movies have removed the temptations of the road. The stage had to set about winning a minority audience. Old stage traditions began to weaken. Ideas began to supplant the sure-fire hokum. Social thinking entered. The actor-formula-playwright began to give way to



Movie larva—The first Edison kinetoscope, the peep show mechanism in which the art of the screen passed its pupa state. This machine was built in 1889. It is the progenitor of all the movie machinery in the world. One viewed the picture through the peep-hole at the top. A fifty-foot strip showed a picture for about 13 seconds.

writers who had something to say for its own sake. Since then the stage has been offering material for adult attention. The movies are taking care of the adolescents.

Less happy is the effect of the movies upon the press. They showed the newspaper proprietors where circulation was and how to make the dailies entertaining to the majorities. The process and all its steps can be neatly traced from the beginning in 1913 when a conservative Chicago morning paper, with a new circulation manager, formed a movie alliance and invented the screen serial as a promotion expedient. In that experience the publishers learned what the masses wanted, and swiftly charged their publication with mass appeal. Later these same publishers became the founders of tabloid journalism in America. They say it with pictures. You can credit the movies with that.

Meanwhile the creative energy of the present dynasty of the movies has largely been spent. Today the men who delivered the pictures from the nickelodeons and made them the world's greatest amusement are thinking in terms of finance, not product. They will hold their mass audiences, if their studios function up to the ceiling of mass tastes and interests. But in the coming development of motion pictures for intelligent minorities, our movie masters will be left behind even as they swept past the one-reel inventors of the first dynasty.

The thousands of amateur cameras and the thousands of home projectors will soon find something to say on the screen. The market offered by the "little photoplay theatres" is broadening. Presently we shall have producers who do not hope to sell every picture to everybody in the world. Then pictures can mean something.

Mr. Terry Ramsaye, the writer of the above article, is editor of the Pathé Review and author of the most comprehensive work that has yet appeared on the motion picture, "A Million and One Nights." We append below a bibliography compiled by him on the moving picture.

"Moving Pictures—How They Are Made and Worked." By Frederick A. Talbot (Lippincott, 1912, new rewritten edition 1923), is largely mechanical, with some slight attention to history; "How Motion Pictures Are Made." By Homer Croy (Harpers, 1918), some alleged history and some mechanics; "The Photoplay." By Hugo Munsterberg, 1915, first book giving any psychological attention to the movies. It was somewhat obviously inspired by Horace M. Kallen's attentions to the screen in the Harvard Magazine *in 1909; "When the Movies Were Young." By Mrs. D. W. Griffith (Dutton, 1925), first class reminiscence material largely from the "golden age of Biograph," when Griffith was pioneering dramatic technique; "Pictorial Beauty On the Screen." By Victor Oscar Freeburg (Macmillan, 1923), a sound discussion of pictorial technology and emotional quality of composition-in-motion; "The Story of the Films." By Joseph P. Kennedy (A. W. Shaw, 1927), a collection of lectures by leaders of the industry delivered before the Graduate School of Business Administration, Harvard University. Edited by Kennedy; "A Million and One Nights—The History of the Motion Picture." (Two Vols.) By Terry Ramsaye (Simon & Schuster, 1926), an endeavor at a definitive work, seeking to place the movies in the scheme of civilization, to clarify its tangled historical lore, and relate the background romances of the business, being concerned with the industry as a whole rather from the studio viewpoint of most previous writing.*

"One of the most amusing groups of young people in London at the moment" (says the *Manchester Guardian*) "is what may be described as the highbrow kinema set. It is composed of young men or women who produce or act for the film, occupy some post connected with film producing such as scenario or caption writing, or those who would like to perform some such work. Anything more unlike the popular conception of the cigar-sucking film producer or the frivolous star is difficult to imagine.

The best place to observe the group is at a little restaurant near Leicester Square, where at luncheon time you see most of the youthful British film trade gathered together. Three-quarters of the seats are occupied by impressively earnest-looking young men in rather shabby tweeds or flannels. If you are a young man in the film business it is the fashion to dress as if you had just come back from a tramp in the country, and perhaps you go about hatless with longish, untidy hair. Everywhere you hear an accent of the older universities, for nearly all these young men came down recently from Oxford or Cambridge. Any of them might easily be mistaken for the æsthetic type of undergraduate.

And then there are the young women, possibly the embryo film queens. One or two have probably already arrived at junctions on their way to fame; others have so far only had small part or crowd scene work, but, naturally, they dress to the best of their ability and income in the recognized dashing manner of movie stars. Even more astonishing than the brilliant scarlet frocks and long hanging earrings, is the air of super-intellectualism they all assume."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just Published!

THE ASSASSIN

By Liam O'Flaherty

The author of "Mr. Gilhooley," etc., gives fresh evidence of his remarkable genius. The assassination he narrates in this novel is modeled upon an actual event which occurred last year. $2.50

VASCO

By Marc Chadourne

Life in the South Seas without romance. This novel was one of the outstanding successes of last winter in Paris. $2.50

FIVE DEANS

By Sidney Dark

Studies of five English deans—Colet in the 16th Century, Donne in the 17th, Swift in the 18th, Stanley in the 19th, Dr. Inge in the 20th. The author considers their relation to the movements of their time. $2.50

DOSTOEVSKY

By Julius Meier-Graefe

Few world figures are as little known as Dostoevsky. Here is an absorbing biography and a critical study of the first rank of a man whose chaotic life, and whose physical, social and spiritual misery were the mainsprings of his creativeness. $6.00

A BOOK ABOUT PARIS

By George and Pearl Adam

"If ever the real Paris was captured between the covers of a book, it is to be found in 'A Book About Paris,' which is illustrated in a proper spirit by H. Franks Waring." *Evening Standard* (London). $5.00

OLD ENGLISH PORCELAIN

By W. B. Honey

A handbook for collectors. Foreword by BERNARD RACKHAM. The author is an official of the Department of Ceramics, Victoria and Albert Museum, London. $6.00

THE UNCONQUERED KNIGHT

By Gutierre Diaz de Gamez

A tale of chivalry of the fifteenth century, the first volume in the new *Broadway Mediaeval Library*. Selected and translated by JOAN EVANS, B. Litt. *Illustrated*, $3.50

THE ART IN PAINTING

By Albert C. Barnes

A new edition of this celebrated book, which Mr. Ezra Pound calls "the most intelligent book on painting that has ever appeared in America." $6.00

PLATO'S THEORY OF ETHICS

By R. C. Lodge

An analysis of the passages in all the various *Dialogues* which are concerned with Ethics or the Good. All that Plato had to say about morals is here in a single volume. $7.00

Harcourt, Brace and Company

Books of Special Interest

A History of Rome

THE ROMAN WORLD. By VICTOR CHAPOT. Translated by E. A. PARKER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1928. $6.50.

Reviewed by TENNEY FRANK

IN 1904 Victor Chapot established his reputation as a penetrating student of Roman government by his volume on the Roman province of Asia. "Le Monde Romain," of which the present book is a good translation, was published last year in Henri Berr's series, "L'Evolution de l'Humanité." It is Chapot's first essay in popularization and will perhaps make stiff reading for Americans accustomed to diluted and dramatized history. But it is sound, intelligently proportioned, and well-written.

After a rapid review of Rome's territorial expansion beyond Italy and a neat explanation of Rome's manner of governing her provinces, it surveys the cultural and economic conditions of the empire somewhat in the manner of Mommsen's fifth volume, which is now of course out of date. Just before it appeared, Rostovtzeff's "Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire" came from the press covering the same ground with a wealth of details and of brilliant interpretations that placed Chapot's volume somewhat in the shade. However, the book was well worth translating. It aims to give a conservative statement of well-established conclusions rather than to offer daring hypotheses, and it too is based upon many years of deep study among the scattered sources and journeys far afield for purpose of observation. Even the specialist will find much of value in this work which is among the best of the eight volumes devoted to Roman history in Ogden's "The History of Civilization."

One is inclined, however, to question the wisdom of dividing national histories meant for general readers into several vertical compartments, giving government, art, law, economics, etc., in separate volumes. The objection is not only that this method necessitates repeating the basic chronology in each, but, what is more serious, that the interdependence of culture, economics, and politics is too frequently obscured. The ideal history like Mommsen's cuts one wide swath through the whole domain of a nation's civilization. Unfortunately in our day of specialization there are but few scholars left of Mommsen's commanding scholarship and, concomitantly, few readers of broad enough interests to ask for his type of history. If division of labor is necessary the Cambridge method is perhaps preferable, for that at least groups the specialists' chapters in close chronological proximity. However, if we grant that the exigencies of modern research excuse the method, we are ready to give a most cordial welcome to Chapot's volume.

Penology

THE EVOLUTION OF PENOLOGY IN PENNSYLVANIA. By HARRY ELMER BARNES. Indianapolis: Bobb-Merrill. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by AUSTIN H. MACCORMICK

NEVER more than to-day has the study of penology needed the long look of the historian. We are barely emerging from a period of public hysteria during which we have approached the solution of the problem of crime with the unrestraint and abandon of a lynching mob. To-day twenty-year-old boys are serving life sentences as habitual offenders. In some states the penalty for robbing a bank is more severe than for taking a life. Not knowing history, we have reverted to the King James version of the way to stop crime: by savage and unscientific punishment.

The famous Pennsylvania system of penology was based on just such a belief, the belief that the criminal—"perverse free moral agent"—would inevitably, if kept throughout his sentence in absolute solitary confinement, think himself into a state of rectitude. In fact, he thought himself into insanity. Yet for half a century this barbarous and unscientific system largely influenced American penology and was very widely adopted in Europe. It was abolished legally in Pennsylvania only in 1913, although its full application came to an end in 1869. Professor Barnes's admirable work is more than the history of penology in one of our oldest states: it is a study of the basic and characteristic penology of a century.

Much has been written of the history of Pennsylvania penology. This work is, however, the most careful and exhaustive study yet made of the subject. It acquires added value from the fact that its author is not only a competent historian, but an advanced and discriminating sociologist. Professor Barnes presents here the background of provincial Pennsylvania, with its humane Quaker penal code and its savage Anglican and Puritan code, the long history of the Pennsylvania system, and the gradual emergence of more enlightened social concepts. These he evaluates from the standpoint of modern sociology. Among the most significant chapters are those on prison industry, for Pennsylvania, like most other American states, is to-day completely baffled in the attempt to establish an adequate prison industrial system.

It is only in the assessment of recent developments and present conditions that the author is less discriminating than one would wish. Such matters as the abortive and grossly extravagant attempt to establish a new joint prison at Rockview, the notorious McKenty régime at the Eastern Penitentiary, and the development of a remarkably progressive institution for women at Muncy are too lightly touched on, while the progress of the new Department of Public Welfare in promoting prison industries is viewed with an optimism not warranted by the facts. The weaknesses which at times appear in the survey of the period since 1918 cannot, however, detract seriously from the unquestionable value and significance of this historical study.

History in Headstones

GRAVESTONES OF EARLY NEW ENGLAND AND THE MEN WHO MADE THEM. By HARRIETTE MERRIFIELD FORBES. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. $12.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DUDLEY SEYMOUR.

THE reviewer confesses to being a devoted student of early New England history and, therefore, what he has to say about Miss Forbes's book may be discounted, but only moderately because the book makes a wider appeal than its title suggests. Gravestones are not to be viewed merely as slabs of slate, sandstone, or marble, lettered and carved. When their study is once begun, they immediately assert themselves as documents, which they in fact are, and documents of surpassing interest and widely varied appeal. The word "document" evokes pictures of manuscripts to all laymen and indeed to most of us. But the old headstones decorating (I use the word "decorating" advisedly) the graveyards of our New England cities and villages are as truly documents as any catalogued in the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress or filed in the pigeon-holes of old secretaries and stored in trunks in old garrets. These old headstones, so many of which are reproduced in Miss Forbes's book, may be studied from the angle of sculpture, the history of design, the artistry of lettering, theology, the social and economic status of early New Englanders, the question of transportation, the rise and fall of our old colonial families, genealogy, heraldry, and I do not know from how many more angles.

The reviewer has haunted graveyards for a lifetime and spent many hours kneeling in front of and fairly peering into old gravestones, but at that had not sensed the extraordinary artistic qualities of the old work, now made so plain by Miss Forbes's beautiful photographs of it. The boldness and virility of the borders of the earliest stones around Boston make our modern ornamental sculpture seem tame and flat. As to the matter of lettering, a comparison of the very early work with the lettering on the headstones a full century ago, when the decadence of that art set in, makes one wonder how it was that the classical tradition of lettering was so lost. A couple of hours spent moving from stone to stone in the Capps Hill Burying Ground in Boston is an education in the art of lettering for anyone who has "eyes to see," and makes him turn with pain from the bulk of modern work, save the very latest.

Some of the old stones are of beautiful bold design, some delicate, some are pathetic, some are humorous, all are interesting.

Miss Forbes's scholarly text is worthy of her pictures. She has discovered a *flair* for rare and out-of-the-way items. She has effectually demolished the widespread notion that many of the old stones were "ordered out" from England. Some were so ordered, but the bulk of them were home-made and so well that one wonders that this fascinating domestic "industry" has been left so long untouched, despite its mortuary character. The writer apprehends that pilgrimages to burying-grounds will now become a fashionable cult with the devotees of Americana.

The Mental Health of the Child

By DR. DOUGLAS A. THOM

"He handles a very important subject in a delightfully sensible and concise manner." —*Long Island Medical Journal.* "Another gem in a very brilliant series. . . . This book is particularly to be commended for its soundness and sanity on these complex questions."—*Journal of the Life Extension Institute.* "A pity that more of our child health books do not deal with problems of youthful well-being in some such sane and simple fashion."—*The Survey.* "A very readable and valuable little book."—*Life and Health.* Harvard Health Talks, 16. $1.00 a copy.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

a fiction event

the new novel by

John Galsworthy

SWAN SONG

At all bookstores

$2.50 Scribners

BOOKS THAT HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

Fiction

THOMAS, THE LAMBKIN
By Claude Farrère
An adventure story—so harrowing and exciting it will make your blood run cold. $2.00

THE OBLATE
By J. K. Huysman
With the monastery as a background this study of ritualism and symbolism portrays the beauty of the spiritual and emotional life. $2.50

General Books

HAPPINESS
By William Lyon Phelps
An important monograph with a sincere interpretation of the real meaning of life. $1.00

MY BROTHER'S FACE
By Dhan Gopal Mukerji
How the other half lives—picturing the peaceful, mystical life of the Hindus in Mukerji's beautiful, limpid prose. $3.00

A TRAVELER IN LITTLE THINGS
By W. H. Hudson
Intimate sketches of the homely beauties of life. The pathos of the joys and griefs of the inarticulate, told in a whimsical, human style. $2.00

ISABELLE D'ESTE
By Julia Cartwright
The story of the famous patron of art during the time of Leonardo Da Vinci and Michael Angelo. 2 beautifully illustrated volumes. $8.00

E.P. DUTTON&CO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Fiction

ECHO. By SHAW DESMOND. Appleton. 1928. $2.

A taste for reincarnation propaganda is a costly luxury. On it the producer of "The Ladder" has squandered a couple of million dollars, and Mr. Shaw Desmond has squandered some good material. On the first page one learns that the lady who is with him, or with his first-person narrator, in his London garden, is also the one who was more or less with him when he was an Irish gladiator in Rome under Nero. Our narrator, whether Neronian gladiator or contemporary man of letters, is one and the same person; and no doubt to him and enthusiasts for reincarnation it is natural enough that in his Roman character, lounging about the Palatine or the amphitheater, he makes remarks, whenever they seem apposite, about Trafalgar Square, Jack Johnson, Nietzsche, and the war of 1914. And whenever one of these observations intrudes, a reader who might have been slipping into the illusion that these were real things that happened to real people is reminded that it is after all only a story that a man made up—a man who does not care enough about his own story to preserve its plausibility.

Not that Mr. Desmond ever strained himself in an effort for plausibility. His apparent belief that first-century Romans spoke Latin with the modern English pronunciation is symptomatic of a large indifference to historical and archæological exactitude. Yet there is the rudiment of a good story in this history of the Irish gladiator; and however distorted Mr. Desmond's picture of Neronian Rome, he has come near achieving the almost impossible—a plausible picture of that mad, bestial genius, Nero himself. There are two or three other good characters; and along with some fight scenes that hardly come off there are two that are magnificent. But they would go down better if they were set in some realm of the imagination, such as one of Mr. Edgar Rice Burroughs's Maritian kingdoms rather than in a city and a period about which a good deal is accurately known. And whenever one is in danger of giving up to the illusion Mr. Desmond interpolates a twentieth-century reflection.

However, these reminiscences by a reincarnate protagonist have this advantage, if you call it that—they enable a first-person narrative to end in the death of the narrator, a feat somewhat difficult of attainment by any other method.

HILLTOP IN THE RAIN. By JAMES SAXON CHILDERS. Appleton. 1928. $2.

It is seldom enough we find a novel, the tone of which rings true. But when we do we are grateful. "Hilltop in the Rain" would never live through the ages, but it will provide some people with moments of exciting reading. Sections of it are done in a simple, unassuming manner; other portions are only tritely handled. There is, however, a verisimilitude to life running through the whole book and a great deal of the novel comes within the common experience of everyman. And that is saying a great deal for any story.

The tale unfolds against the background of a small Southern college town. It is the story of Morgan Henley, a young man with ambitions caught in a dragnet of prosaic circumstances which seem to forbid realization of his dreams. He is a man married and struggling forward on the meager pay of a distasteful occupation. He is hemmed in by a mountain of small things, introspective doubts, and financial difficulties. After years of quiet acquiescence in the forces of circumstance Henley revolts—and the revolt means his salvation.

There are three other characters in the book that stand out with an individual appeal: Unserheim, the delightful old bookseller; Sylvia, whose story, unfortunately, is left untold; and Kathleen, Morgan's wife, whose fidelity and devotion are those of the unquestioning medieval woman.

"Hilltop in the Rain" is a book the literary qualities of which are only average. The theme—man struggling against circumstances—is as old as "Œdipus." Yet, in the final summing up, it is more satisfying than many a more finished and more original novel. Quite probably this is because the author deals with life as it is and not life as he imagines it to be.

THE EARTHEN LOT. By BRADDA FIELD. Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $2.50.

A particularly earthen lot one is tempted to say. For the people of whom Miss Field writes in her first novel are an unleavened crew who are so busy adding action to action and gesture to gesture to perfect each his own type that they have no time for the more general and fundamental traits which make characters live. Aside from the heroine no one in the book does anything that a casual reader of fiction might not foretell from a hasty recognition of type. If the book were badly written this would not matter; it could be whole-heartedly dismissed and the trouble ended. But "The Earthen Lot" is not badly written. The first quarter of the book keeps one interested. It seems a little slow-moving, but suggests that when the author gets into the heat of battle the necessary verve will make its appearance. The second quarter of the book effects the reader in exactly the same way. Everything goes on preparing for action, but the action never comes off. And so it goes, with less and less hope as the end is neared and no match is forthcoming to light all the material that has been gathered together for the fire.

Bradda Field shows in "The Earthen Lot" that she can observe and record, that she has an appreciation of the beauty, and a feeling for the futility, of life, and that she can write clear and flowing prose; but when the moment comes for more than this, a moment which she easily creates, Miss Field is not equal to it. The subject in this particular case (the story from childhood to motherhood of an English girl in a series of stultifying environments) tends, of course, to emphasize the drab and unclimactic in life, but even so, the telling of a colorless tale dare not share its dinginess.

DAWN. A BIOGRAPHICAL NOVEL OF EDITH CAVELL. By CAPTAIN REGINALD BERKLEY. Sears. 1928. $2.

The dual purpose of Captain Berkeley's study of Edith Cavell is unfortunate. As this book now stands, it is neither a sound record of events nor a good novel. Intended to be both illuminating and moving, "Dawn" is merely a moderately interesting narrative, completely lacking suspense and solidity. For anyone, however, who is ignorant of the events leading up to Edith Cavell's execution, the story will be superficially informative.

Captain Berkeley is conscientiously dispassionate. We feel him straining to be fair to the German authorities in Brussels and temperate in his eulogies of Edith Cavell. The result of his hold-back is a forcelessness that is ill suited to his subject. We see the Germans as petulant and harassed. Edith Cavell appears well-intentioned, but extraordinarily unimaginative. "Dawn" does one thing for us, however; it makes us wish for an honest and painstaking biography of this now legendary figure.

MEN AT WHILES ARE SOBER. By STEPHEN RAUSHENBUSH. A. & C. Boni. 1928. $2.50.

The theme of this book is the typical one of a man for whom the world—and particularly the women in it—are more than a bit too much. He is always falling in the mire because of an insatiate passion for beauty. And everybody stands around more or less wringing their hands, taking life generally as a bad dose, sophisticated but quite without humor or wit. One reads of them with an increasing sense of being stuffed and stuffed.

The book is one of those energetic observant ones that seems to be only half-cooked, since it lacks fusion and feeling. It has action and ideas, but no heart.

THE FRENCH WIFE. By DOROTHY GRAHAM. Stokes. 1928. $2.

Dorothy Graham has very slowly, carefully, and delicately created a mood and then, apparently without a qualm, has destroyed it for a story. She has, in a day of bold black and white portraiture, painted a softly tinted miniature on ivory. The French wife is not a deep character, but the author has really caught her as she moves graciously in and about the small amenities of life. An American girl marries, very much for love, the dashing son of an old French family. To please him she sets out to become the wife he shall admire. It is here that Dorothy Graham turns her clever trick; the gradual growth to a thing-in-itself of an ideal originally adopted on the most pragmatic grounds. Showing Denise (the French wife) consciously adopting her husband's ideal of the chatelaine of his home, Miss Graham dexterously shifts the motivation until Denise is playing her rôle after her husband's death for the sake of the rôle itself.

When the story opens she has completed her French self. She *is the* Countess de Lambesc. In speaking to American friends it is necessary for her deliberately to translate her thoughts into English. So it is with her mannerisms, her habits, and her character. When Dorothy Graham has completed this beautiful little figurine she disastrously tries to breathe into it the breath of life. Denise, the Countess de Lambesc, on her pedestal can be walked around and admired; Denise off her pedestal develops into a common-place heroine of a fairly obvious love story.

(*Continued on next page*)

"As clear an analysis of the elements involved in the Bolshevik revolution as one is likely to find in the English language."—Review of Reviews

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE

By

EDMUND A. WALSH, S.J., Ph.D.

Some Authoritative Opinions:

"This rapid history of the Russian Empire from the beginning to the rise of the Bolsheviki is a model of condensation. Very likely it is the best book of its kind in print. Dr. Walsh is no lover of the Bolsheviki, but he does not let his dislike for them creep into his recital of the facts concerning them."—*The American Mercury.*

"So striking, indeed, is his characterization that we almost demand a Shakespeare to weld these pages of history into drama... A very able and trustworthy work... admirably told."—*The New York Times.*

"Never before has the story of the Russian drama been told with such deep insight into its complexity."—*The Independent.*

"The first readable, popular, unprejudiced account in English of the last years of the Romanovs and the coming of the Bolshevists... The one book which will give a very clear idea of a very complex historic tragedy."—*The Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"Few books offer the reader so comprehensive an exposition of a problem of tremendous importance to the world, and fewer still leave him so much to ponder."—*The Boston Transcript.*

"Dr. Walsh has no liking for Bolshevism, but he labors to be fair in his treatment of it. And in that he succeeds. His book is a compact and readable history."—*The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

Second large printing. With 41 illustrations
$3.50 at all Booksellers

Boston LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY Publishers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Fiction

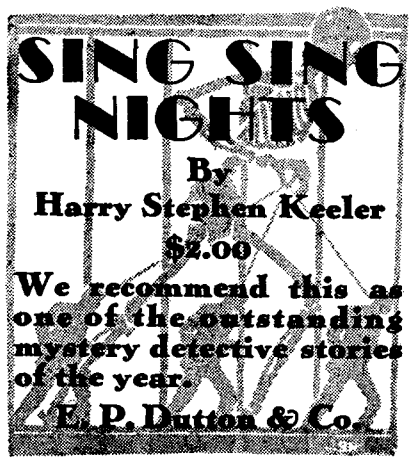
(*Continued from preceding page*)

WOMAN IN FLIGHT. By FRITZ MALLECZEWEN. Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.50.

The style of this book is described as "ultra-modern, a sharp staccato." In other words, it is febrile and feculent. The story is a simple matter of a bride who gets drunk, is ravished, flees from her home and husband, nearly commits a murder, and up to the very end thinks she has succeeded. Just as in the old "gothic romance" all the apparatus of horror was used, so in this ultra-modern tale there is all the apparatus of disgust. The book is full of cigarette butts, spit, garbage, lust, stenches, flesh, and hysteria. There is an account of the evisceration of a living shark that must be notable for those who like that sort of thing. The characters are all typically like the "elegant gentleman in cutaway the greasy lapels of which—if cooked—would make a nourishing broth."

The heroine is of course lovely and never meant to get drunk or be ravished or to choke the old woman. Life is just hard on her. But she endures it and in the end disappears in the snow storm with a beatific look in her soulful eyes like little Eva in the dream.

This is supposed to hit off the modern world. It seems rather to be merely the externalization of a splitting headache. It bears the same relation to the modern world that a performance on a mechanical piano bears to modern music.


SING SING NIGHTS
By
Harry Stephen Keeler
$2.00
We recommend this as one of the outstanding mystery detective stories of the year.
E. P. Dutton & Co.

REDEMPTION ISLAND. By C. M. HALE and EVAN JOHN. Morrow. 1928. $2.

Another island prison, which will never be confused with "Devil's Island," provides the setting for the story that takes a firm stand for optimism in "Redemption Island." A wealthy young girl, the adopted daughter of an unscrupulous politician (he has to be a mere legal father because there is dirty work ahead for him in regard to the girl) has developed the thoughtless habit (it has to be merely thoughtless for the girl is to be the sympathetic heroine) of buying clothes, charging them, wearing them once, and then returning them to the stores as unused. Owing to various complications, all sufficiently accounted for, she is selected as an example and sentenced to five years on Redemption Island. This island is a prison reform experiment under the charge of a Major Wray who has made all such words as "prison," "convict," warden," strictly taboo and who tries to make his "probationers" feel that they have been sent to him for reeducation rather than for punishment. Life within the prison is given in minute detail although nothing too unpleasant is ever mentioned and "better days ahead" is the invisible water-mark woven into every page. Minor plots cooked up by corrupt politicians which threaten to wreck Major Wray, his institution, and the fair name of the heroine lend the book necessary action, nor is love slighted, for the heroine falls in love with a fellow prisoner, becomes engaged and marries him, and is permitted to live with him in a cottage surrounded by separately incarcerated men and women, which is apparently less offensive to her than it is to the reader.

RYDER. By *Djuna Barnes*. Liveright. $3.

YOU. By *G. Sheila Donisthorpe*. Duffield. $2.

THE DIAMOND ROSE MYSTERY. By *Gertrude Knevels*. Abingdon. $2.

THE ROGUE'S MOON. By *Robert W. Chambers*. Appleton. $2.

PHANTOM FINGERS. By *Lyon Mearson*. Macaulay. $2.

DEEPENING PURPLE. By *Louis Isaacson*. Vinal. $2.50.

SECOND CHOICE. By *Elizabeth Alexander*. Sears. $2.

MUTINY ISLAND. By *C. M. Bennett*. Dutton. $2.

WILD DEUCES. By *Robert E. Larkin*. Macaulay. $2.

JUST PUBLISHED

Strange Fugitive

A NEW NOVEL by **Morley Callaghan**

This novel is by a brilliant young writer who has already made his mark in the field of the short story. It is thoroughly modern in theme and treatment, a crisply written, swiftly moving tale of "racketeers" in a great city. $2.50

Lest Ye Die by Cicely Hamilton

In this "novel from the past or of to-morrow" is told the thrilling story of life in the ruins of a wrecked civilization. $2.00

Two Important General Titles

The Confessions of a Puzzled Parson
by Bishop Charles Fiske

Timely, witty, and sensible discussions of moral and social questions of the day as they refer to the church by a writer who refuses to "pussyfoot." $2.00

The Central Americans
by Arthur Ruhl

An absorbing book of travel, adventures, and impressions, as well as a keen character analysis of the greatly misunderstood people of the Central American republics. *Illustrated.* $3.00

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK CITY

Points of View

Sherard on Wilde

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir:

I am delighted to do what I can toward "laying bare the mystery" of the various editions of Sherard's books on Oscar Wilde—a task for which Major Haldane MacFall so generously thinks me equipped on the basis of my earlier letter to you. Any information I am able to give has been taken from books generally available and particularly from Stuart Mason's (Christopher S. Millard) excellent "Bibliography of Oscar Wilde" (1914: London). If Major MacFall does not already know this work I would point it out to him as a source of many hours of genuine pleasure.

As for Major MacFall's first question: is the "Life of Wilde" recently published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and reviewed in your paper as a new work simply a new impression from the plates of the first edition which appeared in 1906? Indisputably, it is. I have collated it page for page with the American edition (1906) published in this country by Mitchell Kennerley and printed at the Riverside Press, Edinburgh, from the plates of the English edition published at London by T. Werner Laurie in the same year. So we may gather that only one set of plates existed, that both the American and English editions were run off at Edinburgh in 1906. Messrs. Dodd, Mead used these same plates for their edition dated 1928. Strangely enough, this edition was printed at London by Lowe and Brydone, Limited, which indicates that the plates probably have never left Great Britain. Collation shows only two minor differences between the Kennerley edition of 1906 and the Dodd, Mead edition of 1928. No publisher's device appears on the title page of the Kennerley edition. Messrs. Dodd, Mead, however, went so far as to put T. Werner Laurie's device (which, no doubt, they own) on their title page as a vignette. Kennerley inserted the illustrations and Dodd, Mead printed them on the sheets of the book. Thus, the 1906 edition runs A to 2G (4 leaves) and the 1928 edition runs A to 2K (4 leaves). With these two exceptions the editions are identical. Major MacFall, if he is acquainted with American geography, will have noted on page 156 the following: "The poem (Ravenna) has been reprinted *in extenso* in Mr. Mosher's collected edition of Wilde's poems, published in Portland, Mass." If an American writer referred to the Kelmscott Press as being located at Hammersmith, Cornwall, Major MacFall might experience a feeling akin to our own over Mosher at Portland, Massachusetts. This error and the publishers' failure to note the removal of Wilde's body to Père Lachaise, mentioned in my earlier letter, illustrate how indifferent to accuracy they are.

Major McFall is curious, as indeed we must all be, about the third edition of this "Life" published in 1911. I have not been able to obtain a copy of it, but we learn from Stuart Mason's note that "in this edition the type has been reset throughout, the number of pages being reduced to 404" (from 470). It had been completely revised and we may suppose the several errors stand corrected in it. Whether Major MacFall will agree with me I do not know, but I feel that the omission of some sixty pages would be a singular blessing. It is a pity that Messrs. Dodd, Mead could not have obtained the plates of the revised edition.

The "privately printed life," which Major MacFall suggests the publishers may have been too timid to reprint, is none other than the first edition of Sherard's "The Story of an Unhappy Friendship." Major MacFall admits possessing the second edition of this work brought out by Greening in 1905 and confesses to being puzzled over the prefatory note "to original edition privately printed" contained in the front of the volume. This book first appeared in 1902, printed privately at the Hermes Press, St. Martin's Lane, London, and it was not until three years later that a publisher felt he could reprint the work for the general public. Greening undertook it, using the plates of the Hermes Press, though omitting various facsimile letters which reduced the size of the volume by eight pages. One wonders now at the hesitation of publishers over this work, for it contains nothing offensive either to law or morals. Major MacFall has aptly described it—"futile volume." Of the place which it holds in the list of Sherard's books on Wilde we have his own words contained in "The Real Oscar Wilde" (1916): "My 'Life of Oscar Wilde,' published in 1906 by Mr. Werner Laurie, had, it is true, been preceded in 1902 by a brochure entitled: 'The Story of an Unhappy Friendship.' But this book, which was privately printed, was in no sense of the word a biography. My subject was subjectively treated; it was a description of Wilde 'seen through a temperament,' my own. The Werner Laurie book was my first book on Wilde—the present work is the second."

The most recent book written by Mr. Sherard on Wilde, so far as I have been able to ascertain, is "The Real Oscar Wilde," published by T. Werner Laurie in 1916 and offered "as a supplement to, and in illustration of 'The Life of Oscar Wilde.'" Sherard wrote this book, he says, because Dr. Ernest Bendz, the Swedish professor and literary critic, had suggested that the earlier work "may not quite satisfy us on all points." In this volume Sherard gives free rein to his faculty for reminiscence. It is notable chiefly for its interesting illustrations, and should be read only in connection with Sherard's *magnum opus* on Wilde. From the point of view of interest Messrs. Dodd, Mead would have done better to reissue this book.

To sum up then: three books appear to have been written by Sherard about Wilde in this order—"The Story of an Unhappy Friendship" (1902) (1905); "The Life of Oscar Wilde" (1906) (1911) (1928); "The Real Oscar Wilde" (1916). I trust that Major MacFall will find this scanty bibliography of some use.

Mr. Miller in his letter accuses both Major MacFall and myself of seeming "careless as to dates." Says he, "Wilde was born in 1856 and therefore was forty-four at his death in 1900." His authorities are the "Dictionary of National Biography" and the "Encyclopædia Britannica," to which I might add the much-maligned but nevertheless handsome "New International Encyclopædia." While not wishing to impose upon your own good nature I should like to put forward the evidence at hand establishing beyond a doubt, it seems to me, that Oscar Wilde was born in 1854, despite the asseverations of these august authorities. The evidence falls under two heads: testimony at the Queensberry trial and Oscar's death certificate. Wilde had always wished to appear younger than he really was, but, says Sherard in his "Life of Wilde," "in his cross-examination by Mr. Carson during the trial of Lord Queensberry he was forced to admit the truth as to the date of his birth. The following remarks were then exchanged between the prosecutor (Wilde) and the Marquess's counsel. Mr. Carson: 'You stated your age as thirty-nine or forty. I think you are over forty?' The Witness: 'I am thirty-nine or forty. You have my birth-certificate and that settles the matter.' Mr. Carson: 'You were born in 1854—that makes you over forty?' The Witness: 'Ah!' This 'Ah!' sounded like a sarcastic note of admiration for the barrister's skill in arithmetic." The death-certificate for Wilde, made out at Paris, November 30, 1900, contains brief but edifying information—"*Oscar Fingall O'Flaherty Wills Wilde quarante-six ans, homme de lettres . . . décédé le trente novembre.*" This would seem to answer Mr. Miller's contention that Wilde was born in 1856.

I admire Mr. Miller's championship of Wilde over Whistler, but it is a question about which one cannot afford to be too dogmatic. He knows, of course, the classic anecdote. Oscar and James are at a picture gallery. James makes one of his consummately clever remarks. Says Oscar, "I wish, James, that I had said that." To which James replies, "You will, Oscar, you will!"

I shall await with pleasure the appearance of Major MacFall's new book "relating the Decadents to the period which produced them"; but I reiterate my request that some one—and who better than he? do an unprejudiced biography of Oscar Wilde, despite the awe-inspiring presence of Lord Alfred Douglas. GILBERT M. WEEKS.

Ithaca, N. Y.

Desultory Pepys

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Samuel Pepys, I take it, was a desultory, but not a disorderly person. The passages from the diary quoted by Mrs. Shinn in your issue of July 14th show this very clearly. The rough notes he never found time to amplify and transcribe are all in their proper places. Casual he was, and very much the gad-about, but not such a creature as pictured by Mrs. Brunner. I cannot, in short, hang my head in shame at Mrs. Shinn's courteous reproof of me.

Princeton, N. J. GORDON HALL GEROULD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker's summer headquarters will be at 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea, London.

NOT never no more, till I return to my own desk and can read my own proofs, will I offer advice in print on the pronunciation of French proper names. The only way I can bear to look at what the types lately made me give for Strouvilhon, is with my eyes closed. Nor will I try to make it good, having learned that one typographical error fatally breeds another.

Come to think of it, why should anyone want to pronounce the names in "The Counterfeiters," anyway? I cannot imagine reading it aloud: there would never be two persons in the same family who would like it. I see that Isabel Paterson, in *Books*, says it was incomprehensible to her, "even after Malcolm Cowley's clear and sensible appreciation." Refusing altogether to believe that anything could be too much for Mrs. Paterson, I nevertheless pretend to think so, long enough to call attention (with the typographical equivalent of a blush) to *Creative Reading*, published by the Institute of Current Literature, Cambridge, Mass., in which some weeks since appeared a long and elaborate review of "The Counterfeiters" by the editor of this department. I hope that Dorothy Canfield Fisher won't mind if I mention that she wrote to me sending three cheers and a tiger and saying "I never would have believed it possible, if I hadn't seen you do it, to untangle and restate Gide's novel enough to help possible readers into it, without hurting it." Also I cheerfully admit that it was a whale of a job.

M. M. L., addressing a musical club in Independence, Kan., on "Musical By-paths," has chosen for her subject "Bells—to me a lovely topic."

WHAT little I know about campanology has been picked up in the most irregular fashion—by climbing towers for instance, and coming upon bell-platforms halfway to heaven, gray with the thin dust of time that settles so high, ringed about with faded photographs of worshipful companies who, according to framed placards attached, performed on such-a-date in the 'sixties a "triple bob major" or a "grandfather's chime." By bells I remember towns: Antwerp because its churches seem to have a gentleman's agreement about the time, so that one begins to ring the quarter as the other leaves off, and the air is never without music; West Medford, Mass., because it was there that in my 'teens I was permitted to grasp the ropes and play—a great social responsibility, for, like studying the cornet or painting your house, you cannot rehearse in secret. I recall that I chose "Savior when in dust to Thee," which anyone will admit might have been written for a beginner in bells, but as it was at Whitsuntide it all but upset the local calendar. Of all the sounds of London I will keep to the last St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, not its tunes, but the silver sound that marks its hours, and Mortlake will always be the place where every Sunday morning in the summer of 1928 I stood for thirty minutes in the garden and let the tumultuous jangle of endless variations on "come to church" take me up with them into the peculiar paradise reserved for bell-lovers. I know how Bunyan felt—save that he felt it was wrong, poor soul.

In short, and to come down with a bump into a library, I don't know of any modern and easily accessible book on the technique of scientific bell-ringing, and I am even a little shy of looking up the one pamphlet, "Campanology," to be found on the subject in the British Museum, lest some magic fade on information. What I'd really like would be some time to see a worshipful company at work in the tower, each at a rope with his Sunday coat put by, and the master-bell-ringer in the midst of the ring, conducting, —or else, to hear them afterward over mugs of bitter outside the pub, discussing the finer points of the performance.

But there is a noble work on "The Church Bells of England," by H. B. Walters (Oxford University Press, American Branch), with many photographs and drawings; and George Wharton Edwards has written sympathetically of "Vanished Towers and Chimes of Flanders" (Penn), with colored illustrations from paintings made before the war. W. G. Rice's "The Carillon in Literature" and "Carillons of Belgium and Holland" are out of print in the United States, but his "Carillon Music and Singing Towers of the Old World and the New" was published by Dodd, Mead not long ago, and has the widest range of the books on this list. I see that the Superintendent of Documents at Washington has a five-cent pamphlet on "Carillons"; we should be taking a rather special interest in this subject this summer, for our engineers have just put back the carillon destroyed in Louvain—I hesitate to say how, for the present authorities refuse, even at the point of a law-suit, to admit that *furor Teutonicus* had anything to do with it.

W. S., New York, asks if there is any dictionary of dates showing what happened in various fields of history on specific days.

THE "Note-Book of European History," edited by S. H. McGrady (Crowell), is a small, compact desk-aid for students and readers shaky on chronology. It goes from 1400 to 1920, having been revised by F. E. Melvin of the University of Kansas. There is a "Historic Notebook with Appendix of Battles" (Lippincott), by E. C. Brewer, who made the "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," "Reader's Handbook," and other familiar aids to knowing it all. Chambers's "Book of Days," in two volumes (Lippincott), was originally published in 1864, and later revisions have changed it little; it is in any public library, and there, no doubt, will also be found the large "Dictionary of Dates" by J. T. Haydn (Putnam) and the smaller "Dictionary of Dates" by E. F. Smith (Dutton) that, though no longer in print, are still in use.

In this connection this letter comes neatly:

"The book that Mrs. Becker's correspondent, K. H. S. of Louisville, Ky., asks for in the Reader's Guide of June 9, is Ploetz's 'Epitome of Universal History,' translated by William H. Tillinghast, and published by Houghton Mifflin. A new edition (I think the tenth or eleventh) came out a couple of years ago, bringing it up to date. It has the Genealogical Tables of the rulers of different countries that K. H. S. wants, and an outline history of all nations. It is indispensable in a library, for personal reference, and also for settling those little historical differences that will crop up even in the best regulated families." I may add that the library edition, crown octavo, costs five dollars, and that there is a student's edition for four.

R. H. T., Honolulu, Hawaii, asks for books containing collections of quaint and curious epitaphs.

ONE of the charming series of small anthologies on special subjects, called "The Oxford Garlands" and issued at seventy cents apiece by the Oxford Press, is R. M. Leonard's collection of "Elegies and Epitaphs." "Epitaphs," edited by W. H. Beable (Crowell), is a little bookful of "graveyard humor and eulogy," and one of the "Little Books on Religion" (Macmillan, 10 cents), is H. B. Vaisey's "The Writing of Epitaphs."

The genealogist may draw upon many pamphlets with gravestone inscriptions, but most of them were published in small special editions and may now be found only in historical collections. The Essex Institute, Boston, published not long since a book of "Graveyard Inscriptions in the Granary Burying-ground" and a similar one for the one on Boston Common; the Potumtuck Valley Memorial Association published one (on the inscriptions in the old cemetery at Deerfield, Mass.) and so did the Lexington (Mass.) Historical Society. One on Pennsylvania inscriptions was issued by the author, F. H. Delong, Lancaster, Pa., and one on those in the Presbyterian Church at Westfield, N. J., 1743-1899, in a limited edition by the Pioneer Press, San Francisco, while some early Georgia epitaphs were collected by E. M. Johnson, E. Charlton St., Savannah, and published by him for the Colonial Dames. This begins to take us into a special field; better come back to Harriette M. Forbes's "The Gravestones of Early New England, and the Men Who Made Them," which may be obtained—if you have a fancy for beautiful printing and limited editions—from the Riverside Press, Houghton Mifflin.

I HAD an idea that my reply about Fascist books might bring out other books, and I am happy to get this advice from "A Roman Subscriber" who says that "Those

(*Continued on next page*)

The CONGRESSMEN *came out to see* BULL RUN

The congressmen came out to see Bull Run.
The congressmen who like free shows and spectacles.
They brought their wives and carriages along,
They brought their speeches and their picnic lunch,
Their black constituent-hats and their devotion,
Some even brought a little whiskey, too,
(A little whiskey is a comforting thing
For congressmen in the sun, in the heat of the sun.)
The bearded congressmen with orator's mouths,
The fine, clean-shaved, Websterian congressmen,
Come out to see the gladiator's show
Like Iliad gods, wrapped in the sacred cloud
Of Florida-water, wisdom and bay-rum,
Of free cigars, democracy and votes,
That lends such portliness to congressmen.
(The gates fly wide, the bronze troop marches out
Into the stripped and deadly circus-ring,
"*Ave Caesar!*" the cry goes up, and shakes
The purple awning over Caesar's seat)
***Ave Caesar! Ave O* Congressmen,**
We who are about to die,
Salute you congressmen!
Eleven States,
New York, Rhode Island, Maine,
Connecticut, Michigan and the gathered West,
Salute you, congressmen!
The raw boys still in their civilian clothes,
Salute you, congressmen!
The Second Ohio with their Bedouin-caps,
Salutes you, congressmen!
Sherman's brigade, grey-headed Heintzlemann,
Ricket's and Griffin's doomed and valiant guns,
The tough, hard-bitten regulars of Sykes
Who covered the retreat with the Marines,
Burnside and Porter, Willcox and McDowell,
All the vast, unprepared, militia-mass
Of boys in red and yellow Zouave pants,
Who carried peach-preserves inside their kits
And dreamt of being generals overnight,
The straggling companies where every man
Was a sovereign and a voter—the slack regiments
Where every company marched a different step,
The clumsy and unwieldy-new brigades
Not yet distempered into battle-worms,
The whole, huge, innocent army, ready to fight
But only half-taught in the tricks of fighting,
Ready to die like picture-postcard boys
While fighting still had banners and a sword
And just as ready to run in blind mob-panic,
Salutes you with a vast and thunderous cry,
***Ave Caesar, Ave* O Congressmen;**
***Ave* O Iliad gods who forced the fight!**
You bring your carriages and your picnic-lunch
To cheer us in our need.
You come with speeches,
Your togas smell of heroism and bay-rum.
You are the people and the voice of the people,
And, when the fight is done, your carriages
Will bear you safely through the streaming rout
Of broken troops, throwing their guns away,
You come to see the gladiator's show,
But from a high place, as befits the wise,
You will not see the long windrows of men
Strewn like dead pears before the Henry House
Or the stone-wall of Jackson breathe its parched
Devouring breath upon the failing charge,
***Ave Caesar, Ave* O Congressmen,**
Cigar-smoke wraps you in a godlike cloud,
And if you are not to depart from us
As easily and divinely as you came,
It hardly matters.

from JOHN BROWN'S BODY
by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

70th THOUSAND

$2.50 AT ALL BOOKSTORES

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Literature

Publisher-Politician

BRIEFE AN COTTA: DAS ZEITALTER DER RESTAURATION, 1815-1832. Edited by HERBERT SCHILLER. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger. 1928.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL. . .

JOHANN FRIEDRICH COTTA was not only a remarkable publisher, but a keen politician. With all the distinguished writers whose works he published, Goethe, Heine, Börne, Justinus Kerner, Schiller, Varnhagen von Ense, Jean Paul, and many others, he maintained a constant correspondence, not only on business details such as royalties, but on questions of literary taste, artistic judgment, and political development. The accumulation of letters addressed to him must have been very considerable. Three years ago Dr. Maria Fehling published a first selection, in a large volume. It covered the years 1794-1815, that is it dealt more or less with the period of the struggles against Napoleon. Literary rather than political topics were in the forefront, but the contrary is true of the second selection now made available, which covers the years between Napoleon's final overthrow and Cotta's death. That was a time of feverish political activity in the German provinces; everywhere there was an assertion of popular rights, demands for new constitutions, and everywhere there was reaction or promise followed by disillusionment. It was the period of struggle between new ideas and the forces of conservatism represented above all by Metternich.

The worthy Württemberg publisher espoused the liberal and democratic cause with an energy which caused Goethe, in one of the letters printed in this volume, mildly to reprove him for his *unruhige politische Laufbahn*. Certainly he was restless, founding new papers—Metternich's secretary, Pilat, once complained that he was giving publicity to the subversive poems of Béranger—and participating even more actively in practical politics, as Vice-President of the Second Chamber of the Württemberg "Landstände." It was not the fault of his correspondents if he found himself unacquainted with political events in most of the German states, as well as Italy and France. Heine, a young aspirant then to collaboration in Cotta's papers, wrote to him from the two latters countries between 1828 and 1832, introduced to the publisher by Varnhagen von Ense, whose appreciation of the *zwar überdreisten, aber hochgenialen* "Reisebilder" is interesting reading. Even Greek political history finds a certain illumination here; the letters of the phil-Hellene Professor Thiersch, describing and commenting on the Greek Revolution of 1821, are among the most interesting in the volume. Of the letters of purely literary interest perhaps the most notable are those of Jean Paul regarding his various contributions to Cotta's "Damenkalender"—whimsical, humorous, a reflection of the man himself. Another attractive literary page is that in which Hauff sends and comments upon his "Novelle" entitled "Jud Süss," half-apologizing for its inadequacy on the ground that, although he had studied the historical sources with the greatest care, it was extremely difficult to give a complete picture in so small a frame. For his novel of the same title Herr Lion Feuchtwanger seems to have done well to have chosen the larger canvas.

In the last resort, however, these letters are more a contribution to political history than to literature. They give a picture, seen from many varying points of view—for not all Cotta's friends and correspondents thought as he did—of the ferment in disunited Germany which followed the successful conclusion of the war against Napoleon. Democracy raising its head, then repressed and rising again, as in the 1830 Revolution—this is the main theme of this collection of correspondence. At least students of German constitutional history would be well advised to consult it.

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

opposed to and those in favor of it are as a rule equally highly colored, but to us who live under it and see its every-day working, Luigi Villari's 'The Awakening of Italy' is the best book, for it gives the background of the War and the post-War conditions which explain so much of Fascism. His later book, 'The Fascist Experiment,' is also excellent, and so is that admirable article by Francis Toye called 'An Impression of Italy and Fascism' in *The English Review* for—I think—last February. It is one of the very best recent things written about Italy.

"The book in the 'Nations of To-day' series, on 'Italy,' has some very fine chapters by Mr. W. K. McClure, once the London *Times* correspondent and now attached to the British Embassy in Rome, and one of the keenest foreign observers of Italy. But this is interesting for the background out of which Fascism grew."

H. G., *Georgetown, D. C.*, who asked if a copy of Tuckwell's "Horace" could be found by the readers of this department, is informed by Florence Martin, 1102 Grant Street, Evanston, Ill., that she has one (in Bell's Miniature Series of Great Writers) published in London, 1905, which has on the flyleaf an inscription written by the author that should add to the desirability of the work. Will H. G. please write to her if he wants it, to save time in twice crossing the Atlantic?

STOKES BOOKS

The $7500

Stokes-Forum Magazine Prize
American Biographical Novel

HILL COUNTRY

By Ramsey Benson

A fine and powerful story of pioneer days on the Minnesota prairie, under the dominating shadow of James J. Hill. "Unique . . . Real life seen in perspective and on many sides."
—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Second Printing
At your bookshop: Regular Edition, $2.50; "The Conqueror" Edition, portrait frontispiece, jacket and cover inlay. $2.50.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK
Publishers of the best-selling "Bean Ideal," "Brook Evans" and "Octavia"

The Compleat Collector.

RARE BOOKS · FIRST EDITIONS · FINE TYPOGRAPHY

By Carl Purington Rollins

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

Two Crosby Gaige Books

CROSBY GAIGE has published "Red Barbara and Other Stories" by Liam O'Flaherty, in an edition of four hundred copies selling at $12.50. The book is a thinnish octavo, bound in red paper boards, cloth back; the type is Scotch Roman, and the paper a very nice cream wove. The printing, designed by Frederic Warde and executed by Rudge, is of the usual high standard from that office. There are four full-page illustrations by Cecil Salkeld, reproduced in aquatone. The drawings show great simplicity of line, and the results are extremely good, but it seems to me that the background of the pictures is much too deep in tone to allow the drawings their full value.

I like better another Crosby Gaige imprint, "Reminiscences of Leonid Andreyev" by Maxim Gorki. It also is designed by Mr. Warde and printed by Mr. Rudge. In shape it is a small twelvemo, set in a small, well-leaded size of Granjon type. Very simply put together, the book succeeds in producing a satisfactory atmosphere—it is almost old-fashioned, if you will, but it is a genuine piece of good book-making along well-tried lines. The title-page is good and so is the binding—a gold-stamped cloth back with paper sides.

Both of the above books are "firsts." The O'Flaherty volume is made up of hitherto unpublished stories, and the Gorki volume is translated for the first time into English, by Katherine Mansfield.

"A BOOK About Paris," by George and Pearl Adam, has just been issued by Harcourt, Brace & Co. It is an intimate, gossipy account of the day by day life of the city, distilled from the experiences of many years' residence there. If the style is at times not so gay as the Paris of imagination, it does tell much about many things in that multifariously entertaining city. The pictures are quite worth while: the frontispiece is colored by hand, and eight of the fifteen other plates are in two colors. The reproduction is apparently by lithography, and very agreeably done.

Edward Newton's "Format"

MR. A. EDWARD NEWTON'S peculiarly intimate, even "chummy" literary style is never quite satisfactory in a "trade edition," intended for the general, who are not so much *en rapport* with personages and books as the great Philadelphia collector. His latest book, "The Format of the English Novel," just issued by the Rowfant Club of Cleveland, provides a more suitable method of presenting his views and reactions.

This volume possesses the great desideratum of being (so far as possible for one not an actual printer) the work of the author in all particulars. The Club notice says: "Every detail, the selection of paper, the typography, binding, and illustrating received Mr. Newton's personal care and supervision, so that it is completely a Newton book. . . ." So that we have here the author's words in the setting he prefers. And it must be said that the result is decidedly interesting. The simple, intimate account of the format of English novels, from old calf to modern cloth bindings, including remarks on paper boards and books in parts and the "three decker," is particularly adapted to the publication of a Club book. One is taken behind the scenes (as always in a book of Mr. Newton's) and introduced to the author's books, as well as books which his friends possess. The result is a *mélange* which quite charms one.

The typography of the book is simple, not extraordinary. It is set in a comfortable size of Garamond type though why Garamond was not used for title-page, etc., is not quite clear—on a quarto page. But the most interesting feature of the work is the printing of type and illustrations at the same time by the offset process. And the type shows up with a crispness unusual in this process, while the pictures are excellent both as to selection and printing. Indeed it is seldom that pictures of books, always difficult, are so well presented.

Another "Period" Handbook

FRENCH SIXTEENTH CENTURY PRINTING. (In "Periods of Typography," edited by Stanley Morison.) By A. F. JOHNSON. New York: Charles Scribner's & Sons. 1928. $3.50.

IN this *Review* of April 23, 1927, I wrote of the first three volumes of this admirable series, which dealt with early printing in Spain, Italy, and Basle. Now comes the fourth volume, on French printing of the sixteenth century. There is little that I can add to my previous statement concerning the usefulness and general excellence of this series. It is the sort of thing which, if I could have had it at hand when I was trying to learn something of the way old books were printed, and had no library at hand, or indeed within many miles, would have been invaluable.

The present volume concerns itself with a period when French printing was very fine indeed, and when France does anything very finely it is tantamount to saying that she does it about as well as it can be done. It may be—as seems to be indicated—that we are in for "a spell of bad weather" typographically, when the most debased and inept of English type founders' styles will be the ruling mode, and the idiotic gyrations of the modern school of design will govern taste—but through all the surge of new and new-old, such work as Tory's and Garamond's will always be good. Always will be good, at any rate, to point the moral of how much more effective is straightforward printing with lovely type forms, and with simply drawn typographic decoration.

These "Period" books (rebound in something more substantial than their present lovely, but inadequate printed paper covers) should be freely available to all apprentices and compositors and others engaged in laying out printing. If one knows many styles and patterns, one gains a completer mastery over style than if one attempts to duplicate a single example. The value of these books is to aid in making one acquainted with the general method of handling printers' problems at definite eras.

Minutiae

IF, like a nameless writer in the *Spectator* aforetime, you "are sick of the Big Things, the Things with a Big, Big B," there is consolation in the recurrent numbers of the *News-letter* of the Sixty-four-mos—grown-up people who collect miniature books and get a lot of fun in doing it. The latest number—nine, for "15 Juillet 1928"—is issued from the Black Sun Press, Rue Cardinale, Paris—and printed in type from "la Fonderie Caslon" and mostly in English. The intinerant character of this *News-letter* is one of its charms. And the present number is not only filled with entertaining matter, but is very well printed, to the number of 450 copies on French paper, and four on China paper. To the collector or reader wearied with first editions and tall copies and fabulous prices, we recommend the *News-letter* with its prattle of sixty-four-mos and pictures of twelve small volumes in a tea spoon, and its gentle insistance that "ce petit club n'a pas été créé pour gagner de l'argent et nous n'avions pas renié cette idée primordiale." May it never become sophisticated!

From France

NUMBER six of *Arts et Metiers Graphiques Paris* is at hand, with a varied contents of interest to printers and book lovers. Neither in contents nor illustrations is the present number as interesting as some of its predecessors, although there is a reproduction of a very stunning page set in "Futura" type—what we know as "Gothic" or, more properly, "Sans-serif," and some reproductions, rather tame ones, of modern Swedish printing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Counter Attractions

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: STAMPS & PRINTS :: LITERARY SERVICES

AMERICANA

AMERICAN HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, travel; local history and genealogy. Catalogs on request. Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th St., New York.

AMERICANA, FIRST EDITIONS, AND miscellaneous books. Catalogues on request. Wyman C. Hill, 9 Haynes Court, Leominster, Mass.

CATALOG OF AMERICANA, FREE ON request. Nedwick's Book Store, Thompson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES bought and sold. I offer collectors' largest and *most comprehensive selection in America* of original letters, manuscripts and documents of world-famous authors, generals, Statesmen, rulers, composers, etc. Send list of your wants. New catalogue sent on request. Collections, large or small, bought for cash. Thomas F. Madigan (Est. 1888), 48 West 49th St., New York.

COLLECTORS OF AUTOGRAPHS, rare books, modern first editions, etc., should write to The Autograph Agency, 31 and 33 High Holborn, London, England, for catalogues which will be sent free on request. With each catalogue will be sent particulars of The Young Collectors Club, a newly formed organization to help young collectors who have not yet left school or college.

AUTOGRAPHS BOUGHT AND SOLD. We carry one of the most extensive collections of Autograph Letters and Historical Documents in the world. *Send for our* priced catalogue of 4,472 titles. Cash paid for collections or individual specimens. *Correspondence from owners solicited.* Goodspeed's Book Shop, 7 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of celebrities of all nations bought and sold. *Send for price list.* Walter R. Benjamin, 578 Madison Ave., New York City, Publisher The Collector, $1. Established 1887.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF ALL magazines. Magazine excerpts. List free. Salisbury, 78 East 10th St., New York.

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES AT Abrahams' Bookstore, 145 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

UNEXPURGATED TRANSLATIONS of famous classics again at drastic reductions, cloth binding, size 5¾ by 8 inches, average number of pages 600, full-page illustrations, privately printed, Rousseau's Confessions; Masuccio; Heptameron; Mademoiselle de Maupin; Balzac's Droll Stories; Rabelais; Decameron, ($3.50 edition) $2.35 each, four assorted titles for $9.00; Satyricon of Petronius; Golden Asse of Apulieus, ($2.50 Blue Classic edition) $1.75 each, two for $3.25; Balzac's Physiology of Marriage, complete $2.60; Physiology of Marriage, ($7.50 edition) *our offer* $4.80; A Love Crime; Love Episode; Bohemians of Latin Quarter; Camille; Madame Bovary; *Manon Lescaut;* Germinie Lacerteux; Sapho, ($3.00 edition) $1.40 each; Forel's Sexual Question, $2.25; Bloch's Sexual Life Our Time, $6.50; Great French Short Stories, over 1000 pages, $2.75; Satyricon of Petronius, Oscar Wilde translation, limited, $6.00; Songs of Bilitis, Pierre Louys, illustrated, limited, $6.00; Hands Around, limited, $6.00; Yama, Tale of Prostitution, limited, $8.00; Aphrodite, Tale of Pagan Law, Pierre Louys, $6.25. Other limited editions at drastic reductions. 15% off on latest books. C. O. D. orders fifty cents additional. Renaissance Book Company, (Room 3) 131 West 23rd Street, New York City. (Wholesale and Retail.)

20% DISCOUNT SALE. SCHULTE'S Semi-Annual Cash Discount Sale. Following are few bargains with 20% discount already deducted; these prices only when cash accompanies order: Westropp-Wake's Ancient Symbol Worship (Influence of Phallic Idea in Ancient Religions), illustrated, $2.40; Stiles' History of Bundling, unusual colonial custom, $2.00; Parmelee's New Gymnosophy, introduction by Havelock Ellis, $4.80; Twain's Fireside Conversation 1601, limited edition, $2.00; Petronius' Satyricon, Oscar Wilde's translation, two volumes, illustrated, $14.00; Pierre Louys' Songs of Bilitis, illustrated and autographed by Willy Pogany, $9.60; George Moore's Daphnis and Chloe, Carra edition, $2.40; Higgins' Anacalypsis, two volumes, limited edition, $40.00. Numerous other bargains. Catalogue mailed free. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

"TRADER HORN," $3.00; Cabell, "Straws and Prayerbooks," $1.75; Bromfield, "A Good Woman," $1.75; Anderson, "Tar," $2.25; France, "The Reine Pedauque," $1.50. Bargain list free. Gordon Cooke, 15312 Heyden Avenue, Detroit.

BOOK BINDING

EXPERT HAND BOOK-BINDING and Case-Making for First Editions or Autographs. Exclusive Best Imported Materials. Restorations and all forms of Scientific Book Reclamation. Period, Modernist and Conventional Designs. Prices on request. Note: Our $50,000 stock of First Editions, Special Bound Volumes and De Luxe Bound Sets reserved exclusively for wholesale distribution to recognized bookdealers. Bennett Book & Binding Co., 240 West 23rd St., New York City.

READERS OF THE SATURDAY Review often write into this office for information regarding bookbinding. There are 35,000 of them, all book buyers. Individuals or companies in a position to offer a good book binding service will do well to advertise in Counter Attractions.

BOOK PLATES

COPPER PLATE STYLE $4 TO $5 PER hundred. Send 10c for samples. Frank E. Bittner, 83 Irving Place, New York.

BOOK STORE FOR SALE

ENTIRE STOCK AND FIXTURES, located in large Middle Western city. Stock consists of approximately 50,000 volumes, new and old books. Has unique location. Excellent opportunity for literary man with small capital. Details upon application. Box 48, The Saturday Review.

BOOKS WANTED

THE BULWARK, By Theodore Dreiser. A partially published novel issued in the form of an advertising dummy with several pages of text set up. Issued by John Lane. Several copies are known to exist in good state. Report data and quotation to The Saturday Review, Box 35.

FIRST EDITIONS

BOOK-LOVERS GO TO THE DAUBER and Pine Bookshops first for scarce First Editions, and books on Art, Architecture, books from private presses, Americana, Foreign Books, General Literature, and in general for Old and Unusual volumes difficult to come by. Catalogues issued often and sent free. Prices always reasonable. A visit to our shop is a treat for the bibliophile, for his searches are usually rewarded. Thousands of books on all subjects always in stock. Libraries of any size purchased or catalogued. Dauber and Pine Bookshops, Inc., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. Open until 10 P. M.

THE BRAVO, A TALE. J. Fenimore Cooper, Philadelphia, 1831. Two volumes, *good condition,* $5.00. The Ballad of the Harp Weaver, Edna St. V. Millay. Yellow paper wrappers, Frank Shay, N. Y., $9.00. A Holograph MS., "Concerning the Life of Oscar Wilde," by Haldane Macfall, 5 pages, $20.00. The Making of Americans, by Gertrude Stein, Paris, $7.00. Box 47, The Saturday Review.

THE WALDEN BOOK SHOP, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, has a copy of Huxley's The Burning Wheel at $35.00, and a complete run of Huxley first editions. If any items are missing, it is only for an *interim until others are found.*

FIRST EDITIONS AND AUTOGRAPH material of modern authors. Advise us of your particular interests and we will send specially prepared lists of quotations. Catalogues issued. Phoenix Book Shop, Inc., 41 East 49th Street, New York.

OUR CATALOGUES JUST PUBLISHED containing six hundred First Editions, Modern Presses and a Bibliography of the John Henry Nash Press. Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc., 336 Sutter St., San Francisco.

BOOKS FOR EVERYONE—Saint to Sophisticate by mail. Also for discriminating collectors, first, limited and signed editions. Country Book Shop, Greenwich, Conn.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENT OF The Autograph Agency in the Autographs column of this page.

FOREIGN BOOKS

VISIT THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 W. 96th Street (near Broadway). "Headquarters for French Books and Magazines." Low prices. Catalogue 5 cents (stamps).

GENERAL

PURPOSE OF THE Latterday Pamphlets: To present lively work by new, young, modern American writers. Prose of 10,000 words or less, poetry, or plays; eighteen pamphlets each year; decorated or illustrated by modern artists; subscription, one year, $4.50. First list includes Peggy Bacon, Francis Faragoh, Harry Crosby, Edwin Seaver, Herbert J. Seligman, Kaj Klitgaard, etc. Address, inquiry, contribution, or subscription to Latterday, 20 Minetta Court, New York.

HARRIS TWEED. VERY HIGH CLASS hand-woven material, and Aristocrat of Tweed for golf and outdoor wear, direct from makers. Suit-lengths by mail. Samples free on stating shades desired. Newall, 441 Stornoway, Scotland.

O'MALLEY BOOK Store, 329 Columbus Ave. (75th St.). Large stock of good books on many subjects. Prices reasonable, expert service. Open evenings.

LIMITED EDITIONS

"GOPAL THE JESTER," A HINDU Romance in a Lighter Vein, privately printed, limited edition, illustrated by Akos D. Hamza, de luxe binding, $12.50; hand illuminated copy, $25.00. Martin's Book Shop, 64 West 51st Street, New York City.

LITERARY SERVICES

THE ROBERT CORTEZ HOLLIDAY School of Writing and Editorial Work. "Needless to say," comments THE SATURDAY REVIEW, "we can recommend Mr. Holliday most heartily to any aspiring writer who really wishes to look the facts in the face." Altogether individual *instruction given by* correspondence. Address: *Englewood Cliffs,* New Jersey.

MANUSCRIPTS ANALYZED, criticized, revised, prepared for publication, marketed. Book manuscripts a specialty. Twenty-five years' experience as a writer, editor, publisher. *Thirty helpful* text-books. Catalogue. Also The Writer's Bulletin, monthly, $1.50 per year, 15c per copy. James Knapp Reeve, Box A, Franklin, Ohio.

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY adviser. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticised and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures. The Writers Workshop, Inc., 135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

AUTHORS AND Artists Representative. Literary adviser and editor. Live fiction—Short Stories, Novels, Plays, Motion Pictures, Manuscripts sold. Grace Aird, Inc., 551 5th Ave., New York, Vanderbilt 9344.

FIRST CLASS TYPING OF manuscripts 6 cents per hundred words. Clear carbon, prompt service, excellent references. Authors' Typing Service, 1106 Riverdale Street, West Springfield, Mass.

MEDICAL BOOKS

TRIUMPHS OF MEDICINE: THE narrative story of medicine and the men who lived for it. Hippocrates, Galen, Harvey, Vesalius, Jenner, Pasteur, Lister, etc. $2.50 postpaid. Congressional Bookshop, Washington.

NEW YORKIANA

BOOKS AND PRINTS ON THE quaint and strange manners, customs and frivolities of our ancestors in New York State and City. Catalogue inquiries not solicited, but private correspondence graciously invited, and afternoon visitors always welcome. Arthur Carlson, New Yorkiana Specialist, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS PROMPTLY supplied at most reasonable prices. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Caledonia 0047.

RARE BOOKS

GOODSPEED'S BOOK SHOP IS A National Institution. Its stock of Rare and Choice Books, Prints and Autographs is made accessible to distant buyers by specialized catalogues. No. 168—Rare Americana, *2463 titles, 309 pp., with illustrations,* price 50 cents. Nos. 169 and 174—Autographs, 9758 titles, *free.* No. 171—Genealogy, 4304 titles, price 10 cents. No. 172—Americana. In two parts, 2600 titles, *free.* No. 173—Rare Books, 306 titles, *free.* No. 175—Fine Arts, 1261 titles, *free.* Print Catalogs, and semi-monthly bulletins of Print Exhibitions, *free.* When in Boston browse in Goodspeed's, No. 7 Ashburton Place, 5A Park Street and 2 Milk Street.

ODD, curious, unusual and extraordinary Books and Autographs. Write for catalogue. State your own interests. Union Square Book Shop, 30 East 14th Street, New York.

STORIES WANTED

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY (International), The Calart Publishing House, 107-11 S. Washington, Whittier, California. Copies 25 cents, $2.50 year, Canada $3.00, Foreign, $3.50. Editors want articles of discursive nature on literature, politics, international relations, science, religion, education, and other subjects of general and timely interest of 2700 words' length; short stories of literary merit of 2700 words or less; verse by recognized writers; biography to accompany. *Payment on publication* at good rates.

SUMMER HOMES

AN EARLY AMERICAN BRICK HOUSE, built 100 years ago, used for post tavern in the early days; later as a residence. 3½ stories high, 6 fireplaces, all original interiors . . . whole house in excellent condition. The property consists of this house with a wooden el, 2 good barns and about 20 acres of land with a brook. The house sets in a charming little village 12 miles from Montpelier, Vermont, the state capitol, and at a considerable elevation. Only about 500 feet to beautiful lake on which there are no cottages. This is a delightful, secluded, beautiful spot, unviolated by tourists, etc. Property complete can be purchased for $2500 cash, and can be seen by arrangement any time before September 5th. Write for details. Box 45, The Saturday Review.

A HOME IN SOUTHERN VERMONT can be purchased at a most reasonable price; in the most charming hill country in New England, dotted with lakes and brooks; good fishing and hunting; real early American environment of most unpretentious character. Farms with desirable old houses can be bought from $400 to $2,000. Harold P. White, Brattleboro, Vermont.

TRANSLATIONS

TRANSLATIONS FROM GERMAN into English and vice versa; also from French, Spanish into English or German. Manuscripts typed. Roland Roggenbrod, 917 East Allen Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas.

TRANSLATIONS MADE INTO excellent French, German, Spanish; or from all three into accurate, idiomatic English; likewise from Italian, Portuguese, Greek, Latin. Translation of foreign works undertaken with view to publication. Prompt service, reasonable rates. P. J. Benrimo, Box 383, Marion, Alabama.

TYPOGRAPHY

AUTHOR UNDERTAKING RESEARCH to collect data on early printing and typography in Vermont, will welcome any information interested persons wish to make available toward the writing of a history of this subject. Box 43. The Saturday Review, 25 W. 45th St.

ADVERTISE IN COUNTER ATTRACTIONS. The Complete Collector, conducted by Carl Purington Rollins, Printer to Yale University and one of America's most distinguished typographers, is a department devoted to rare and fine books, first editions, fine presses and typography. It draws the attention of all dealers, collectors and other individuals interested in collecting. All these persons, who are in the market for rarities of all sorts can be reached through Counter Attractions at a reasonable cost. For any copy inserted twenty consecutive times 5 cents a word; for any copy inserted any less number of times, 7 cents a word. The August 25 issue closes August 16. Dept. V. O., The Saturday Review, 25 W. 45th Street, New York City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers . 37 West 57th Street . *New York*

ALICE WHITE, *First National star, who will play* DIXIE DUGAN *in screen version of* SHOW GIRL

For the best ten-word definition of *Making Whoopee*, as exemplified by J. P. McEvoy's novel-revue *Show Girl*, *The Inner Sanctum* will award an autographed copy of the book. Send all gags and wisecracks to *Whoopee Headquarters, The Inner Sanctum*, care of Simon and Schuster, 37 West 57th Street, New York, before August 24th.

Whoopee contest judges will be WALTER WINCHELL, noted Broadway columnist, who is chiefly responsible for the current vogue of the phrase; TEXAS GUINAN, who is giving this little *Show Girl* a big hand; and J. P. McEVOY, who reports that if his book were selling any faster,* he'd be a menace.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: *This is physically impossible.

EXTRA! News Bulletin

Here is a red-hot item for the news-hounds: *The Inner Sanctum* has just made arrangements with WALTER WINCHELL for the publication of his book *Making Whoopee*.

Details about the book are not yet forthcoming, but two things are certain: it will be called *Making Whoopee* and it will be released by SIMON AND SCHUSTER early in 1929.

Meantime *The Inner Sanctum* reaffirms the solemn vow to out-Gideon the Gideons and put a *Show Girl* in every hotel-room in America. . . . . "And a good thing, too," adds J. P. McEVOY.

—ESSANDESS.

QUARRY WOOD
By Nan Shepherd
Redolent with Scotch heather is this beautiful story of a platonic friendship—which, as every woman knows, can only be platonic on one side. The poignant suffering and inner struggle of the girl is portrayed with great finesse. $2.50
E. P. Dutton & Co.

TOLSTOY
A Play in Seven Scenes
By
HENRY BAILEY STEVENS
"A chronicle play, and to me, at least, as *moving* as Drinkwater's 'Lincoln.'" VIDA SCUDDER.
$1.75
Thos. Y. Crowell Company
393 4th Ave., New York

WELL, *the worst has happened.* The Phoenician has obeyed our instructions and forgotten us as completely as we politely and untruthfully suggested he should when we bade him farewell bowed under the weight of three suitcases and a bundle of detective stories and a collection of magazines like the *Red Book* and *Hearst's Cosmopolitan* that never stay in the office because they are invariably carried off by the editors. For a few days we hoped against hope that a steamer following O'Reilley's would bring us something from his chief in England, something meaty and gossipy, all about the latest literary excitements and involvements with incidental comment on personality and projects, but hope has vanished. We've had a cable from the Phoenician with nary a word of encouragement; he's settled down to a carefree vacation and that's the long and short of it. . . .

But we'll fool him; we'll give you the gossip ourselves with as much of detail as if we were in England. How's this for a beginning? . . .

D. H. Lawrence, now that he's got the world pretty well accustomed to thinking of him as a painter in words, is going to prove to it that he's an artist in oils as well; he's to hold an exhibition of his paintings in London shortly, so if by that time you've joined America in Europe, and want to see what he can do with the sea and the land on canvass, drop in at the gallery if you happen to be in the neighborhood. . . . And while on your rambles, see if you can find the small Georgian house in Surrey, "less than half an hour from Waterloo," which is said by the agents to have figured in "Oliver Twist." It's for sale. *Dickens* lovers take notice! . . .

Lady Byng, wife of *Lord Byng*, who made the headlines recently when he became Chief of Police of London, is herself a person of talents and the author of several novels. We've never seen any of them, but perhaps some day one will go off with a bang (Byng, bang!), and then we'll all be talking of the hero of Vimy, as the husband of the author. . . .

Mrs. Alfred Noyes, the wife of the poet, has presented her husband with a son, and the *Gibbs* family has given another representative to literature. This time it's *Helen Gibbs*, sister of *Sir Philip*, who has entered the lists with a novel—her first. What a family! Publishers will soon have to supply family maps with their works to show just how the Gibbses, Philip, and *Anthony*, and Helen, and *Cosmo Hamilton*, are related. . . .

Marjorie Bowen, not to be confused with *Elizabeth Bowen* whose first novel, "The Hotel," was sent out by the Book-of-the-Month Club, is hard at work upon a historical romance which is to be published this fall. It is entitled "The Golden Roof," and is a history of Emperor Maximilian I. of Austria. . . .

Maximilian of Austria reminds us that there's a novel under way in our own country about the Maximilian of unhappy Mexican memories. It's by *Daniel Henderson*, who lately wrote up Betsey Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte, and it's likely to be interesting. We'll tell you when it's finished. . . .

J. B. Priestley, who last winter produced "The Old Dark House," a mystery story (and a good one) that Harper & Brothers sent out partially sealed with the offer to refund the purchase money to anyone who failed to break the band and read beyond it, has given up the country as a bad job after two years' trial. He finds that he can work better in the turmoil of London. However, he's already written half of a novel that's to contain no less than 250,000 words. Heavens! we're getting befuddled! If a man writes half of a novel of 250,000 words in the country, and finds the city more conducive to writing, how many words will his novel contain? . . .

The *Baroness Orczy*, on the other hand, has sought the solitude of the seacoast as a help to invention. She's built a house at Lerici, and there on the Italian sands is finishing a story of the Canadian wilds. . . .

And, oh yes, did you know that our own *Christopher Morley* has had a play produced in London? It's a version of "Thunder on the Left," "freely adapted" by *Richard Pryce*, and produced by the Arts Theatre Club. It follows the *O'Neill* method of having the characters think aloud during certain periods of the action. Our own special correspondent writes us the play was most successful; all critics save one most enthusiastic, "and he was crazy with the heat, the poor fish." . . .

Our letter last week from O'Reilley has brought us another from *Edgar Sisson*. Here it is in part:

"In Russia in 1917, before the Red mark was on Russian matters literary, I was surprised at the Russian knowledge of the writings of London, and personally much interested for he had been a dear friend and associate of mine. "The Sea Wolf" in particular was to be had in translation, not only in shops but often on the street stands.

No other American writer was nearly so well known. In fact I can recall no memories of finding that any other American writer was known popularly at all."

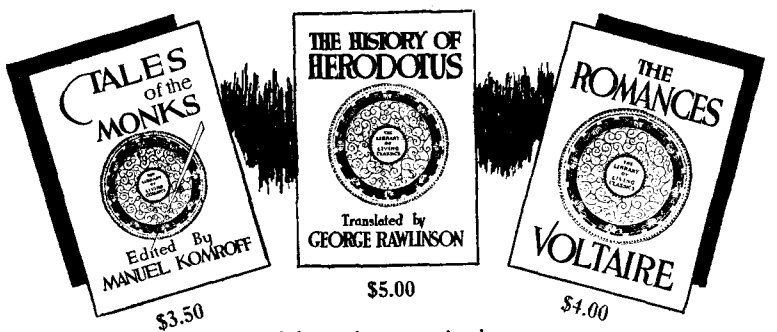
Payson & Clarke inform us that the novels of *Maurice Dekobra* are probably banned oftener than those of any other living author. Russia, Austria, and Boston have all forbidden certain of his books to be sold, and now one of the largest wholesale distributors of England has refused to circulate "The Thirteenth Lover." Well, we think that's a doubtful title to favor. But we seem to be veering away from England, so we'd better stop. . . .

Before we do so, however, we'd like to say that if you want to know where we get all this juicy English gossip you should ask *John O'London*. He's Mr. *George Blake* really, and he's got a new novel of his own, "Gettin' into Society," just off the press of Harper's. It's a good, sturdy, gloomy story.

Farewell till the next time.

THE SUBSTITUTE PHOENICIAN.

The Library of Living Classics
EDITED *By* MANUEL KOMROFF



Fine books, fair prices, and the most entertaining reading, ancient, mediaeval and modern.
Write for our circular describing these volumes, which are already published, and the others shortly to appear in this delicious series.

LINCOLN MacVEAGH
THE DIAL PRESS NEW YORK
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, TORONTO

"He has kept me reading his confounded volumes for four days on end . . .

which I avow I have not done for any author for the last twenty years."—FORD MADOX FORD, *in* BOOKS (N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*)

★

St. Louis
GLOBE-DEMOCRAT
"A book for desert-island company, for the automobile camping tourist, for the back yard at home; and to be kept on the center table, if any, or upon the closet shelf for all-year-round companionship."

★

EDWARD CUSHING
in the Brooklyn Eagle
"The intelligent and convincing enthusiasm of a man who found that journalism neither stifled nor perverted his interest in life."

★

Jacksonville
TIMES-UNION
"A man who can transvaluate the world into symbols and images of his own choosing is beyond price. In Morley's ESSAYS *are 1,100 pages of a new world."*

★

Toronto
SATURDAY NIGHT
"An unexpectedness that is a constant joy. The book will be read and reread by those fortunate enough to possess it."

★

Chicago
EVENING POST
"Likely to furnish pleasure for a much longer period than the slender previous volumes which always were finished much too soon. . . . The sort of things one stops to read aloud to the family."

★

In this one volume, the cream of all of Morley's Essays, from his previous six books, are issued in permanent form, along with many new discourses which have not hitherto appeared in book form. ESSAYS *is beautifully made*, a book to prize as a permanent possession. A volume of 1106 pages, on thin opaque paper, designed by Stanley Morison, contains a hundred and thirty-nine essays. The price is $3.50, at all bookstores.

ESSAYS
by
Christopher Morley
DOUBLEDAY DORAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 40. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the coolest Song for a Very Hot Day. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York, not later than the morning of August 27.)

Competition No. 41. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best sonnet called "The End of the World." (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of September 10.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH COMPETITION

The prize of fifteen dollars offered for the best Behaviorist's Lullaby for a Little Child has been awarded to Alice M. Dowd of Hudson, N. Y.

THE PRIZEWINNING LULLABY

OH hush thee, my baby; thy reflexes rest,
There's naught to disturb thee while lulled at my breast.
Oh hush thee, my dear. There's no reason to cry,
At least I discover no wrong stimuli.
The shadows of night all thy senses should lave;
But stimuli only will make thee behave.
Oh, we were not wide awake when we were small!
But heredity's naught and environment's all.
To be vocal is thought, and thy lung power is strong,
So thy genius hereafter should blossom in song.
Thy senses are perfect. Thou needest no sense.
Thy muscles and glands are thy means of defense.
With reflexes certain, reflection is nil,
And thy future is easy as sliding down hill.
For all that thou needest to do is react,
Without feeling or fancy, just fed upon fact.
The co-ordination of senses and glands
Will bring the behavior that none understands.
And all through thy life-time how blest thou shalt be!
No purpose nor motive shall light upon thee.
Then hush thee, my darling; thy father and I
Will bring thee, to-morrow, correct stimuli.
So rest thee, my dear one, all through the dark night.
Thy senses and reflexes guide thee aright.

ALICE M. DOWD.

David Heathestone is undoubtedly right in his conviction that a genuine behaviorist would never sing a lullaby, although there is no specific "thou shalt not" in Dr. Watson's latest book. But I set the competition in something of the same conjectural spirit that led Sir Thomas Browne to wonder what song the sirens sang. If a behaviorist were to sing a lullaby (which God forbid) what would it be like? The question was answered with nearly a hundred cribside songs and one or two cradle-songs by competitors to whom the word behaviorist obviously meant nothing.

There was a very large number of amusing entries ranging from the jargonese verses of Helen Faith Keane and Helen A. Monsell to Alice M. Dowd's simpler winning lullaby. These and the entries by Garland Smith, Stella Fisher Burgess, W. F. Bradbury, M. E. Ballantyne, and David Heathestone were the best. As large a selection as possible is printed below. Anita G. Knight's limerick stanzas to the tune of—

All skeletal muscles relax,
Unverbolized impulses tax
And laryngeal itch
Cuts a groove like a ditch
In conscious absorption of facts,

Ralph B. Yule's humming verses, with their climax,

We're raising you logically. Lord, what a tussle!
But Mama is right; she can prove it by Russell,

and the poems by J. A. S. B. and Olga Ownes also deserve honorable mention, the last especially for her lines—

Free of hampering relations,
Guiltless of all love fixations,
Sink to slumber, little son,
May your dreams at least be fun.

BEHAVIORIST LULLABIES FOR A LITTLE CHILD

I.

Oh hush you, my baby, your sire's a professor.
Your unlearned equipment and neural reflexes,
(Now we've got rid of your mother, God bless her!)
May fix my comparative chart of the sexes.

Oh lullaby, rockaby, lullaby, lull . . .

Oh hush you, my infant, your strength was expended
In squirming responses to dog and to pussy.
To Stimulus A, yesterday, you extended
Sweet smiles, but today it brought screaming, you hussy.

Oh lullaby, rockaby, lullaby, lull . . .

Oh cry not, if feathers and fur, or a squirrel,
Are slowly sneaked into your playpen, my treasure;
We must "uncondition" you,—also young Cyril,
Until your emotional lives give us pleasure.

Oh lullaby, rockaby, lullaby, lull . . .

Your mother is kind; her example is gainful,—
Except (I confess) she gets angry, my beauty.
We sincerely regret if you find life is painful;
But Heavens! we must not fall short of our duty.

Oh lullaby, rockaby, lullaby, lull . . .

Your father is mild, and he never will chasten:
(There's not one excuse for whipping and beating).
Such emotional outlets he fears will but hasten
Thyrozin production,—much oversecreting.

Oh lullaby, rockaby, lullaby, lull . . .

Oh hush you, my babe, I've a splendid idea,
For which it's essential that you should be sleeping:
I'll fire off a cannon ball close to your ear,
To see if you'll register laughing or weeping.

Oh lullaby, rockaby, lullaby, lull . . .

M. E. BALLANTYNE.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

A Sensation for the Coming Book Season

ROMANTIC DARING
A DEAD
FANTASTIC
President
POETIC
Makes
POWERFUL SIMPLE
ANSWER To
MOVING NARRATIVE
The President's
DEVASTATING SATIRE
DAUGHTER

BY ANTONE SHREWSBURY JENKS

REGULAR EDITION $1.50
Special Edition Numbered to 999 $3.00

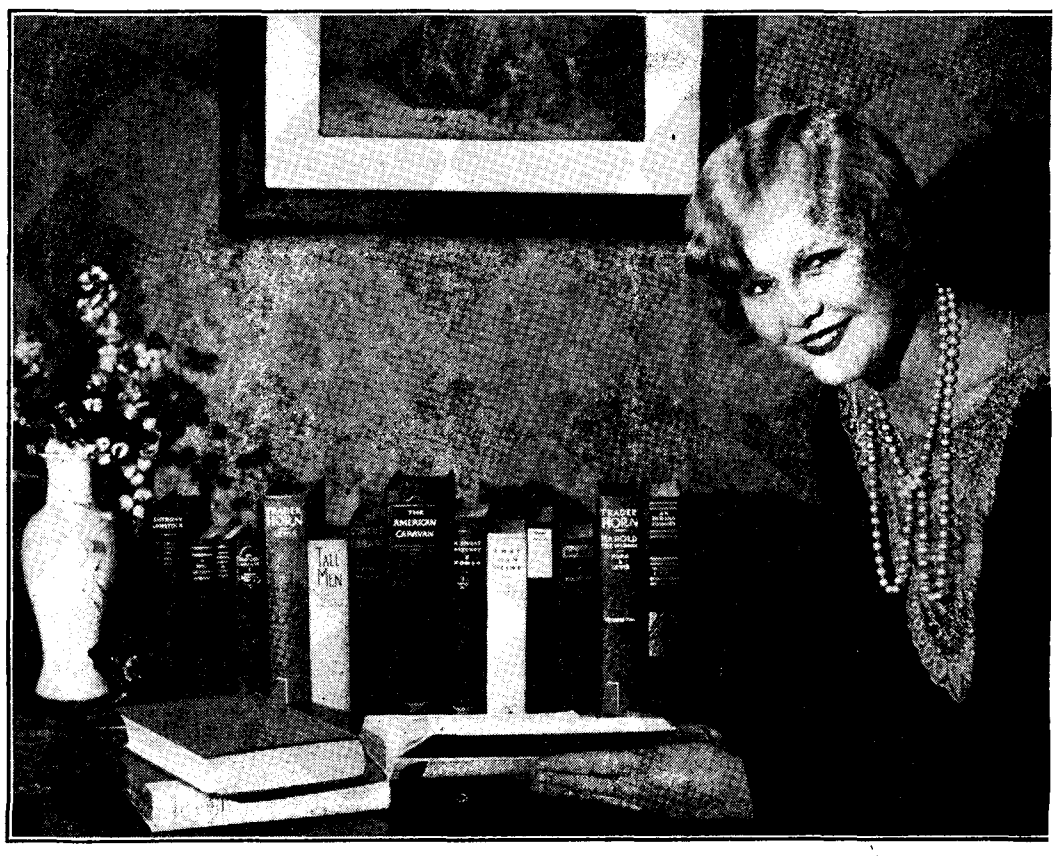
THE GOLDEN HIND PRESS
500-5th Avenue
New York City
STUYVESANT 2738

If your bookseller cannot supply you send us the full price of the book and it will go out to you postpaid *Immediately.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Literary Guild

Advertisement without a Superlative



THE unvarnished facts about the Literary Guild of America are in themselves so startling that even *listing* the advantages of membership seems to be exaggeration. The 50,000 members who now enjoy these privileges are doing more to increase the growth of their organization than all the gaudy adjectives we could use. The final test of any advertised product or service is its actual use. The Guild has successfully passed this test. For nearly eighteen months the Guild has enjoyed a steady, healthy growth that would have been impossible if the plan had not been beneficial to its members.

We invite every intelligent man and woman who sees this advertisement to consider the Guild's offer dispassionately, without any drum-beating, bombast or "high-power salesmanship" on our part. You can not be induced to buy something you do not want. We do not wish to urge you. We ask only that you weigh the facts presented here and judge if the Guild can be of service to you.

More Than 50,000 People Have Already Joined the Guild

Authors, literary agents and publishers submit their manuscripts to the Guild editorial board before publication. Carl Van Doren is Editor-in-Chief, assisted by Hendrik Willem van Loon, Elinor Wylie, Joseph Wood Krutch and Burton Rascoe.

From this material one book is chosen each month which, in the opinion of the Guild, seems to contain the elements that make *good* books. As evidence of their good judgment, the Guild has, in the past, selected TRISTRAM, CIRCUS PARADE, THE GREAT AMERICAN BANDWAGON, TRADER HORN, BLACK MAJESTY, BAD GIRL and the latest publishing achievement AN INDIAN JOURNEY.

Each month the chosen title is issued in a special Guild binding simultaneously with the trade edition of the same book. Each member receives his book, charges prepaid, on the same day the booksellers receive theirs.

Thus, in a year each member receives twelve books for which he pays, not the full advertised price, but a single annual subscription fee of only *eighteen dollars*. A monthly payment plan is also available. The retail price of Guild books ranges from $2.00 to $5.00 per month. The saving to you is evident.

Possibly you would not buy all of the Guild selections if you were not a member, but you would buy many of them, and even those you would not normally select are meritorious works which you will enjoy reading and owning, once they are in your possession.

The Subscription Fee Must Soon Be Raised

That is the offer the Guild makes to the book readers of America. If it interests you, you will join without being urged. If it does not, nothing we could say would induce you to become a member.

In a short time, the Guild subscription fee is to be advanced. If you are interested we urge you to send your subscription at once. If you join now you are protected from the price advance for a full year.

Your bookseller will tell you about the Guild and accept your subscription if you prefer. You may have your books sent to his store, or direct to your home.

The Literary Guild of America, Inc.
55 Fifth Ave., Dept. 58-S.R.L.
New York.

Gentlemen: Please enroll me in the Literary Guild of America for one year. I will pay you $4.00 upon receipt of your first book, and $3.00 a month for 5 months only. During the last six months of the year I pay you nothing.

In return you will send me, postage prepaid, one new book each month for one year—12 new books in all. I may cancel this subscription by giving one month's notice, in which case you will charge me the retail price of the books I have received and refund the unused balance.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Save $1.00—If you prefer to pay all at once you can save $1.00 by sending $18.00 with this coupon.

For Canada, Australia and New Zealand send $21.00 cash and books will be delivered to you, duty paid. All other foreign countries send only $18.00 cash.

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc.
55 Fifth Ave., Dept. 58-S.R.L.
New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED